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No. 254. JANUARY 16, 1897. Vol. XXII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN." William Morton Payne	37
COMMUNICATIONS	41
"The Great American Novel." Andrew Estren.	
The Primary Condition of Understanding Whitman.	
Oscar Lovell Triggs.	
Miss Molineux's "Browning Phrase-Book." W. J. R.	
Some Disputed Hibernicisms. Edwin W. Bowen.	
SIDNEY LANIER. Lines by Alice Elizabeth Rich	43
ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE. E. G. J.	44
Miss Monroe's John Wellborn Root.—Mathews's The	
Story of Architecture.—Sturgis's European Archi-	
tecture.	
MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S FINAL VOLUME.	
C. R. Henderson	45
THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES OF PRINTED	
BOOKS. James Westfall Thompson	48
MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Tuley Francis	
Huntington	51
THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.	
Charles H. Cooper	53
TRAVELS IN MANY LANDS. Hiram M. Stanley	54
Haweis's Travel and Talk.—Mrs. Moulton's Lazy	
Tours in Spain and Elsewhere.—Chatfield-Taylor's	
The Land of the Castanet.—Jaccaci's On the Trail	
of Don Quixote.—Miss Dodd's On the Broads.—	
Macquoid's In the Volcanic Eifel.—Miss Browning's	
A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary.—Russell's The	
Edge of the Orient.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	57
The bachelor's own manners-book.—The autobiog-	
raphy of an idealist.—The initiation into "Culture."	
—Scholarship and Nature.—The <i>literati</i> of New	
England.—An admirable hand-book of French litera-	
ture.—Appreciation of art.—The principles of English	
jurisprudence.	
BRIEFER MENTION	61
LITERARY NOTES	62
TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS	63
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	63

"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN."

In these days of the excessive production of carelessly-written books, when the writer who has attained any degree of popularity does his work under the pressure of syndicates and publishers' contracts, caring more for his income than for his fame, it is satisfying to think that there is at least one man, and that man one of the greatest spirits of his generation, who sets finish and elaboration above all other things, and who puts forth no book in which every phrase and every word has not been tried as by fire. We are told by his biographer that Dr. Ibsen does not set pen to paper until he has thought out the material for his work, and made it the subject of long and careful meditation. Having done this, "he makes a rough sketch of it, which he then proceeds to shape." But this sketch is merely preliminary. "Not until it is completed does he begin to feel acquainted with his characters, to know their dispositions, and to feel sure of the manner in which they will express themselves. So this first manuscript is worked over into a second, and from the second a third is carefully written out." By these laborious methods, practised four hours a day all the year round, the dramatist completes a play once in two years, and presents it to the public at Christmastide. It is a small matter as far as volume is concerned—only some two hundred pages of loosely-printed dialogue—but every word of it tells, and the reader knows that, however successful he may be in skimming the contents of other books, he cannot hope to understand this book by any such process, but must linger over every line until its full force has penetrated the consciousness.

In "John Gabriel Borkman," as in most of the dramatist's works, there are two plays—the one whose action is worked out before us, and the antecedent play of which the other is the consequence. It is a commonplace of criticism to say that this implied antecedent action, in the case of one of Dr. Ibsen's dramas, is the very stuff out of which a conventional dramatist would construct the play that he wished to set before his audience. At all events, it must be explained as a preliminary to any intelligible statement of the action that we find in the

book. Many years before the real play opens, then, John Gabriel Borkman was the head of a banking establishment. He was an ambitious man, and had conceived a vast plan for the exploitation of the mineral resources of his country. His aims were more than personal, for they looked to an industrial development that promised to better the lot of thousands besides himself. In the furtherance of this plan, he was tempted to a reckless use of the funds in his custody. The coöperation of a business associate named Hinkel became an absolute necessity, but had to be purchased at a great price. Both Hinkel and Borkman loved a woman, Ella Rentheim, who for her part loved Borkman. The latter paid the price demanded, ceased his attentions to the woman, and instead married her twin-sister Gunhild. Hinkel, however, found that he had not bought the love he sought, although Borkman had sacrificed it, and learned to his chagrin that Ella remained faithful to the man who had given her up. He revenged himself by exposing Borkman's dealings, thus bringing about a criminal prosecution, the collapse of Borkman's schemes, and the ruin of those who had trusted in the bank. To this general ruin, however, there was one exception in the case of Ella Rentheim, whose securities had remained untouched. The prosecution led to Borkman's conviction, and he was sentenced to five years of imprisonment. Meanwhile, Ella had placed a house and the means of support in the hands of her sister, who, with her son Erhart, was left otherwise destitute. To this house Borkman returned after his release from prison, but held no communication with his wife, who could not forgive him for the disgrace brought upon the family name. For eight years the family lived in this strange relation, she occupying the lower apartment and he the upper. During all this time the sister had seen neither of them, but had obtained custody of Erhart for several years of his childhood, and become devotedly attached to him. When the real play begins, Erhart is twenty years of age, and is living again with his mother, but, like her, has no intercourse with the voluntary prisoner upstairs.

The first of the four acts into which the play falls takes us to Fru Borkman's apartment, and the dialogue reveals, point by point, most of the facts that have been stated above. A visit from Ella, breaking the long silence of years, affords the opportunity for these disclosures. In the long conversation between the sisters,

their inmost nature is revealed; both are passionate, but the passion of the one has remained softened by her love for Borkman, while the passion of the other—the wife—has stiffened into the bitter pride of an unforgiving woman, and taken the form of an intense resolve that Erhart shall atone for his father's guilt, and once more raise to honor the family name. Deluded by this hope, the one thing to which she clings, the mother does not realize that Erhart has grown up to be a rather commonplace, pleasure-loving youth, chafing under the responsibility that others would set upon his shoulders, swelling with a sense of the joy of life, and seeking distraction in the society of a young and beautiful widow, Fanny Wilton by name, who lives in a neighboring villa. All of these things the mother cannot understand; but they are realized by the sister, whose attachment to Erhart is such that through it alone he learns what a mother's love really is. The sister, finding her health enfeebled, and knowing that she has not long to live, has resolved to wrest Erhart from his sombre surroundings, if possible, and the purpose of the visit is to plead with the mother to give up her son and the "mission" to which she would devote his life. Failing in her entreaty, the sister says that she cannot live without sight of Erhart, and announces her determination to remain with him, since she may not take him away. During the whole of this long act, Borkman does not appear, but we are ever conscious of his presence, for his footsteps are heard overhead as he paces his apartment with the monotonous persistence of a caged lion.

The second act transfers the scene to Borkman's apartment, and opens with a long conversation between Borkman and Foldal—the latter a simple-minded man of humble position, a sufferer by Borkman's failure, who yet clings to his old acquaintance with a sort of dog-like fidelity. In this scene, and in the following scene with Ella, Borkman gives expression to his attitude toward those who have wronged him and been wronged by him; toward his wife and the traitor Hinkel, toward the world of his creditors, and the woman whose love he sacrificed to his ambition. In these scenes, and in the scene with his wife in the third act, we find what may be taken as the central thesis of the play. As far as the world goes, Borkman is simply defiant. He has done wrong, and has atoned for it by suffering. He failed through treachery when within a hair's breadth of success. Others pass through such crises to fame

and honor; he was luckless, and fell into the abyss when success was almost within his grasp. The crime of which the law took cognizance is not what weighs most heavily upon his soul, but the crime committed against himself and the woman he loved. As far as the former goes, he believes that he may yet regain his worldly position, but he learns that in the latter he has sinned past forgiving. We may translate a portion of the scene in which he states his own position.

Ella Rentheim [with trembling voice, looking him in the face]. Can it be true, what you say, that I was dearest to you in the world?

Borkman. Both then and since,—long, long thereafter.

Ella Rentheim. And yet you bartered me away. Traded in your affections with another man. Sold my love for a— for a place as bank president!

Borkman [gloomily and bowed down]. Hard necessity was upon me, Ella.

Ella Rentheim [rises wild and quivering from the sofa]. Criminal!

Borkman [startls, but controls himself]. I have heard that word before.

Ella Rentheim. Ah, never think that I mean your offence against the law of the land! The use you made of all those shares and obligations—or whatever they were—what do you think I care about that! Had it been my lot to stand beside you when you were overwhelmed—

Borkman [eagerly]. What then, Ella?

Ella Rentheim. Believe me, I should gladly have borne it with you. The shame, the ruin,—all, I would have helped you to bear it all.

Borkman. Would you have? Could you?

Ella Rentheim. Both would and could. For then I did not know of your great, your awful sin.

Borkman. What! What do you mean?

Ella Rentheim. I mean the sin for which there is no forgiveness.

Borkman [gazing fixedly at her]. You must be beside yourself.

Ella Rentheim [stepping nearer]. You are a murderer! You committed the great, the capital crime.

Borkman [shrinks toward the piano]. Are you raving, Ella?

Ella Rentheim. You slew the love that was in me. [Nearer.] Do you understand what that means? The Bible speaks of a mysterious sin for which there is no forgiveness. I could not understand before what it might be. Now I understand. The great, unpardonable sin is to slay love in a human heart.

Borkman. And I did that, you say?

Ella Rentheim. You did it. I never quite knew, until this evening, just what it was that had happened to me. That you deceived me, and turned to Gunhild instead, I took to be common fickleness on your part, and the result of her heartless intrigues. And I almost think I despised you a little—in spite of all. But now I see the truth. You deceived the woman you loved. Me, me, me! What was dearest to you in the world you could put aside for the sake of gain. You made yourself guilty of a double murder—the murder of your own soul and of mine!

The scene in which Borkman enters a plea for his own defence occurs in the third act. For the first time in eight years he enters his wife's apartment, where the latter and her sister are together.

Fru Borkman [turning to Ella]. What does he want down here with me?

Ella Rentheim. He would try to come to an understanding with you, Gunhild.

Fru Borkman. He never tried to do that before.

Ella Rentheim. He will this evening.

Fru Borkman. The last time we stood together—it was in court. I was called to give testimony.

Borkman [approaching her]. And this evening it is I that will give testimony.

Fru Borkman [looking at him]. You!

Borkman. Not concerning the fact of my offence. The whole world knows that.

Fru Borkman [with a deep sigh]. Yes, that is a true word. The whole world knows it.

Borkman. But it does not know why I offended. Why I had to offend. Men do not realize that I had to, because I was myself—because I was John Gabriel Borkman, and not another man. And that is what I am going to try to explain to you.

Fru Borkman [shaking her head]. There is no use. Motives exonerate no one, nor do inspirations either.

Borkman. In one's own eyes they may.

Fru Borkman [makes a deprecatory gesture]. Oh, let that be! I have ruminated enough over those dark matters of yours.

Borkman. And I also. During the five endless years in my cell—and elsewhere—I have had time enough for it. And during the eight years in the room upstairs I have had a still better opportunity. I have given the whole case a rehearsing—for myself. I have taken it up over and over again. I have been my own accuser, my own counsel, and my own judge. More unpartisan than anyone else could be, I may say that. I have walked the floor up there and turned every one of my acts inside out and upside down, looked at them from before and behind in as unsparing and un pitying a way as any lawyer could have done. And the judgment I come to every time is this—that the only one I have sinned against is myself.

Fru Borkman. Not against me? Not against your son?

Borkman. I include you and him when I say myself.

Fru Borkman. And the hundreds of others? Those whom people say that you ruined?

Borkman [more passionately]. The power was mine, and the uncontrollable impulse was within me! The buried millions lay there about the land, deep in the mountains, and called to me, cried to me to set them free. But none of the others heard that. I was the only one.

Fru Borkman. Yes, to the staining of the name of Borkman.

Borkman. I would like to know if others, given the power, would not have acted just as I did.

Fru Borkman. No one, no one but you would have done it.

Borkman. Perhaps not. But if so, because they had not my endowments. And had they done it, it would not have been with my goal in view. The act would have become different.—Well and good—I have acquitted myself.

Ella Rentheim [tenderly and beseechingly]. Dare you say that so confidently, Borkman?

Borkman [nods]. Acquitted myself as far as that goes. But then comes the great, the crushing self-accusation.

Fru Borkman. What is it?

Borkman. I have squandered eight precious years of my life upstairs there. The day I was set free, I should have faced the world of reality, of iron dreamless reality. I should have begun again at the bottom, and anew raised myself to the heights—to greater heights than before—in spite of all that lay between.

Fru Borkman. It would have been to live the same life over again, believe me.

Borkman [shakes his head and looks at her significantly]. Nothing new happens. But what has happened does not repeat itself. It is the eye that transforms the act. The new-born eye transforms the old act—[breaking off]. Well, you don't understand that.

Fru Borkman [cortly]. No, I don't understand it.

Borkman. No, that is just the curse of it; I never found a human soul who could understand me.

Ella Rentheim [looking at him]. Never, Borkman?

Borkman. Except one—perhaps—long, long ago. In the days when I did not feel the need of being understood. Otherwise, since then, never once. I have had no one early enough awake to call me up—ring for me like a morning bell—warning me

to cheerful work anew—and to assure me that I have not sinned beyond atonement.

Fru Borkman [with a scornful laugh]. And so you need outward assurance of that?

Borkman [with swelling anger]. Yes. When the whole world croaks in chorus that I am a hopelessly broken man, there are hours when I almost believe it [throwing his head back]. But then my inmost consciousness rises up triumphant, and acquits me.

It would hardly be fair to take this defiant pronouncement as an expression of Dr. Ibsen's own opinion of Borkman's offence. Like all strong dramatists, the author has too frequently been made chargeable with the sentiments and opinions of the characters created by him. What we may, however, justly take as the author's personal message is the insistence upon individualism which is so marked in the scene just translated. No matter what a man may have done, he has a right to be heard as an individual, and commands a certain respect if he is strong enough to impress his individual character upon the minds of those with whom he is associated.

This consideration leads us to the statement of another of the leading ideas of the play. The young Erhart is an individual also, and makes good his right to be respected as such. He is beset by the claims of three persons, each determined to exact from him what he is not bound to give. The father would have him share in the work of restoring a fallen reputation. The mother would have him do much the same thing, although in a different independent way. The aunt would have him cling to her on account of her care for his childhood. But he impatiently shakes off these attempts to control his activity, refuses to be bound by the influences of the older generation, determines to carve out his own career, and seeks for happiness in following the dictates of his own desires. We may pity him for the infatuation that takes him from home in the company of Mrs. Wilton, a woman several years his senior, and possibly we may despise him for his rejection of any and all obligations toward those who have reared and cared for him, but we must recognize that he, too, no less than his father, has the right of every individual to live his own life (the author uses this very phrase, worn as it is, and gives it fresh vitality), to refuse to take upon his shoulders the burdens for the existence of which he is in no way responsible.

"No man can save his brother's soul,
Or pay his brother's debt"

might fairly be taken as the motto of this play, as far as it is concerned with Erhart.

After the departure of the boy in his quest of the joy of life, the drama draws rapidly to its sombre but poetically impressive close. Borkman, who has left the confinement of his apartment for the first time in years, is seized with a sort of frenzy for the free air, and rushes from the house which the departure of his son has just left desolate. Although it is a winter night, and the earth is white with snow, he cannot be persuaded to return, and the fourth act takes place out of doors. At the end, Borkman and Ella Rentheim are left together, she entreating him to seek shelter, and he declaring that he will never again breathe the air of the house that has so long confined him. Yielding to his stronger will, she follows him out into the darkness of the forest, and the landscape shifts (as in the first act of "Parsifal") with their progress. Finally, Borkman sinks down exhausted upon a rustic bench. He is a dying man, but his senses are quickened to unwonted acuteness, and he seems to enjoy a fulness of life that he has never known before.

Borkman. Ella! Do you see the mountain ranges there, far over yonder, one behind the other. They rise, they tower. There is my deep, my infinite, my inexhaustible kingdom.

Ella Rentheim. Ah, but there comes an icy blast from that kingdom, John.

Borkman. That blast is the breath of life to me, it comes like a greeting from my trusty spirits. I see them, the buried millions; I feel the veins of metal, they stretch out their bent, branching, enticing arms toward me. I saw them before me like shades endowed with life—that night when I stood in the bank vault, candle in hand. You sought to be free then, and I tried to free you. But I could not. The treasure sank again into the depths [stretching forth his hands]. But I will whisper it to you here amid the peace of night. I love you as you lie there deep and dark in the semblance of death. I love you, wealth yearning for life, with all your shining train of power and glory I love you, love you, love you!

Ella Rentheim [with quiet, growing feeling]. Yes, your affections are still set down there, John, they were always there. But up here in the light of day, there was a warm living human heart that beat for you. And you crushed that heart. Ah, more than that—tenfold worse—you sold it for—

Borkman [shivering as with the cold]. For the sake of the kingdom, and the power, and the glory—you mean?

Ella Rentheim. Yes, I mean that. I told you this evening once before. You slew affection in the woman who loved you, and whom you loved in return,—as far as you could love anyone [with upraised arm]. And therefore I foretell you this, John Gabriel Borkman, you will never win the prize you craved for that deed. You will never enter triumphant into your cold and gloomy kingdom!

Borkman [staggers to the bench and sits heavily down]. I almost fear that you are right in your prophecy, Ella.

Ella Rentheim [sitting beside him]. You must not fear it, John. It would be the best thing that could happen to you.

Borkman [with a cry, putting his hand to his breast]. Ah!—Now it let me go.

Ella Rentheim [shaking him]. What was it, John?

Borkman [falling against the arm of the bench]. It was a hand of ice, that plucked at my heart.

Ella Rentheim. John, did you feel that icy hand for the first time now?

Borkman [muttering]. No. No hand of ice. It was a hand of metal. [He sinks wholly down upon the bench.]

Ella Rentheim [takes off her cloak and covers him with it]. Stay quietly where you lie. I go to bring you aid. [She takes a step or two, stops, turns back, feels his pulse, and passes her hand over his face. Then softly but firmly.] No, better so, John Borkman. Better so for you. [She wraps the cloak closer around him, and sits down in the snow in front of the bench.]

Presently *Fru Borkman* appears, and finds her sister watching over Borkman's dead body.

Fru Borkman. So the night air killed him.

Ella Rentheim. It must be so.

Fru Borkman. Him, the strong man.

Ella Rentheim. Will you not look at him, Gunhild?

Fru Borkman. No, no, no. [With lowered voice.] He was a miner's son—he, the bank president. He could not breathe the free air.

Ella Rentheim. It was rather the cold that killed him.

Fru Borkman [shaking her head]. The cold, you say? The cold had killed him long before.

Ella Rentheim. And made shadows of us both, yes.

Fru Borkman. You are right.

Ella Rentheim [with a sad smile]. One dead man and two shadows—the cold has done that.

Fru Borkman. Yes, the cold in the heart. And now we may clasp hands, *Ella*.

Ella Rentheim. Yes, I think we may now.

Fru Borkman. We twin-sisters, over his body, whom we both loved.

Ella Rentheim. We two shadows—over the dead man. [*Fru Borkman*, behind the bench, and *Ella Rentheim*, before it, reach hands to one another, and the curtain falls.]

The scenes which we have translated sufficiently set forth the leading ideas of the play, although they leave untouched several important features in the development of its action. Enough has been given, perhaps, to make clear the fact that this play is a more straightforward and intelligible piece of work than Dr. Ibsen has of late been wont to give us. It has not the tenderness of "Little Eyolf," nor has it the haunting symbolism of "Master Builder Solness." But it has a strength and a closeness of texture in which those plays are somewhat lacking, and we should judge that it will prove peculiarly effective as an acting drama. An English translation, presumably done by Mr. William Archer in his customary wooden way, is announced for early publication in this country.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the discussion of this topic in recent issues of THE DIAL, it has been either asserted or assumed that a typical American novel is an immediate possibility, that such a novel is desired by the American people in order that they may be "rightly understood and justified," and that the day of its appearance may be hastened by our laying down principles for the guidance of the author.

If there really is a desire on the part of our people to

see themselves represented in the Great American Novel, this in itself argues that the proper time for such a novel has not yet arrived. An undue degree of self-consciousness will neither give us the right kind of author nor the fit material for him to deal with. It is to be hoped that some day the desire to pose as the latest, and politically the best, product of civilization will in a measure be outgrown, and that the American people, while conscious of the noble work they have been given to perform, will, because more sure of themselves, be less concerned than formerly about the opinions of the rest of the world. From a cosmopolitan point of view, there is something provincial in the idea that we must have a Great American Novel to represent us in universal literature; for the truest literature is often the least national. We may have improved upon some of the world's old ways, but that hardly implies that we need extraordinary means of interpreting ourselves to mankind. If some of the national activities have so far failed to be adequately portrayed in fiction, one reason may be that they are not of the kind to furnish a sufficient motive for a great novel.

It may, indeed, be doubted whether any people is, or can be, adequately represented by any one novel or even by any one novelist. It seems that national life is too broad and complex to be properly dealt with within such a compass, and especially so in the case of the composite national life of America. The author of such a work would have to possess a breadth of knowledge, a reach of imagination, a moral equipoise, and a literary art, that, in combination, are as rare as a Homer or a Shakespeare. Moreover, our national character is yet in its formative stage, and the best that our great novelist could do, in many directions, would be to represent general tendencies and traits of smaller or larger groups. Another difficulty that would beset him would be the consciousness of the magnitude of his task; for in proportion as he should think of the impression his work ought to make would he be disqualified for carrying it out successfully: he would then represent, not American life, but his own ideas of such a life. Little good can therefore come from considering what the Great American Novel should contain—except the good that results from the contemplation of an ideal possibility. The novelist in question—if he ever appears—will be a law unto himself and will be inspired by the artistic capabilities of his subject rather than by its political and ethical greatness.

The writer is in accord with many of the ideas expressed on this subject in THE DIAL, and he takes exception not so much to anything therein affirmed as to a certain habit of mind or point of view to which some of those ideas seemed to lend a color.

ANDREW ESTREM.

Clinton, Iowa, Jan. 5, 1897.

THE PRIMARY CONDITION OF UNDERSTANDING WHITMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The reviewer in your columns of the recent publications on Whitman by Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Burroughs has fallen, it seems to me, into the pit dug for all who seek to maintain what is called the judicial and critical attitude towards Whitman: he has commended a poor book and condemned a good one. Mr. Donaldson can easily be proved untrustworthy in a hundred points. He was, apparently, always out of focus, and never saw Whitman, the man, at all. The report he makes is

wholly inadequate, sometimes false, and is one more instance of the fact that one can see only what he has eyes to see. The study by Mr. Burroughs has, on the other hand, the mark of intimate acquaintance with the man and of full comprehension of his work. Mr. Burroughs has satisfied the first condition imposed by Whitman upon his readers, and placed himself not only in mental but also in emotional relations to his subject; and his volume is vitalized by feeling and intuition. His success is manifestly due to his deep and wide sympathy, his power to respond to a genuine personal call, his capacity to absorb and be absorbed by a great personality. His attitude toward other poets is determined, for the time being, by his devotion to the single object, a devotion that is absolutely essential to interpretation. I think the reason for the general misapprehension of Whitman springs from the extraordinary demands made by the poet upon his readers for their personal sympathy — the same demand Christ made of the rich man to leave all and follow him. My thesis, in short, is that *personal absorption is the price of understanding Whitman*. Christ's "Follow me" is not more absolute than Whitman's "Come, give me your hand." When accepted without reservation, without the hesitating, niggardly spirit of criticism, "Leaves of Grass" inevitably arouses the feeling of love and the desire of comradeship. I believe it to be true that no one can read "Leaves of Grass" with understanding who has not capacities for an exalted human brotherhood. Whitman makes lovers of his readers. As a matter of fact he exercises to-day an influence unparalleled in contemporary history, an influence like that maintained by Socrates over the young men of Greece. And this is felt not only by those who, like Mr. Burroughs, were his associates in life, but from far-off lands, wherever the book circulates — from Sarrazin in Paris, Symonds in London, Schmidt in Copenhagen, Rolleston in Leipzig, Gay in Melbourne, Popoff in St. Petersburg. The boundless enthusiasm manifested by these and other comrades is not an evidence of uncritical mind and unbalanced faculty, but a witness, rather, that the full response which the book requires has been rendered, that the human qualities contained in it have struck out a kindred life in others. By so much as a reader remains cold, critical, disinterested, before an object requiring the feeling of identity and the desire of comradeship as the condition of understanding, to that extent does he fail in his interpretation. This is a case where an author absolutely creates his own audience. The proof of this poet shall be sternly deferred until his country absorbs him as affectionately as he absorbed it.

The assumption of a new attitude toward Whitman is necessary because he has fully freed himself from all old requirements and declared for new and enlarged modes of literature suited to the modern and the democratic. His book contains a life — not an intellect alone, but a complete, perfectly healthy, unconventional, unconditioned man; and not the mere statement of the man, but a free, full rendering of his actual personality in poetic terms. He himself is the theme of the poems. Democracy, philosophy, science, are not stated in theory, but are concentered in his being. The aim of the book being to stimulate personality, its appeal is made almost wholly to the will and the moral nature. This peculiarity compels the reader to put himself not merely in mental but in emotional relations to the author. "When I give, I give myself," the poet says. "Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of

all poems." "I act as the tongue of you." His own statement (reported in the Springfield "Republican") is: "In my own poems, all concentrates in, radiates from, revolves about myself. I have but one central figure, the general human personality typified in myself. Only I am sure my book inevitably necessitates that its reader transpose him or herself into that central position, and become the actor, experimenter, himself or herself, of every page, every aspiration, every line." The unique composition of "Leaves of Grass" is hereby indicated. Other books remain standing on the outside of our identity, and contribute only to our taste or knowledge; this book incorporates itself with the reader, passes into and becomes body and soul, contributes health, pride, freedom, love, consciousness. If the fusion of identities does not take place, the words of the book are meaningless, its egotism displeasing, its announcements foolishness. Of all the critics, the case of Mr. Gosse is most significant. He visited Whitman at Camden, felt the charm of his personality, acknowledged his previous errors of judgment respecting the man himself, but, retaining his professional habit toward the book, he persisted in his conclusion that the single merit of "Leaves of Grass" was a certain felicity of phrase. Wanting the democratic attitude, he failed to perceive that every noble quality that was in the man appears in full measure in his book. When a new sun rises in the heavens, a single open eye is worth for testimony all the closed eyes in the world. Place by the side of the negative criticism, the report of T. W. Rolleston: "First, we are made aware in him of the working of an intellect whose depth and compass appears more and more astonishing the further we penetrate into it. Second, we find in him a wealth of poetic power whose beauty impresses us the more profoundly and lastingly for the very reason that it is not made an end and aim in itself. Third, the fit reader is brought into relationship with something still more unusual and valuable than either intellect or poetry — he finds that an indescribable, magical, personal influence streams forth from the leaves; he is not brought into contact with a book, but with a man, with a friend, whose spirit, by nothing that we can call a doctrine, but by actual presence, acts upon ours, strengthening, exalting, purifying, and liberating."

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

The University of Chicago, Jan. 12, 1897.

MISS MOLINEUX'S "BROWNING PHRASE BOOK."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The writer of the notice of the "Browning Phrase Book" in THE DIAL for January 1 apparently does not fully understand the plan of the book. The passage from "The Ring and the Book" which he cites is to be found under *Lover* on page 150:

"O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death!"

It is also referred to in the Index three times — under *Death*, *Pause*, and *Work*; and under each the page on which the passage occurs is added. Of course a person consulting the Index would have no difficulty in finding the passage in the body of the book. I presume that most, if not all, of the other "choice quotations" mentioned by the reviewer could be found in the same way.

The Index increases the value of the book greatly for purposes of reference, while it keeps its bulk within moderate and inexpensive limits.

The phrase under *Pause* which the reviewer cites

("This recreative pause and breathing-while") may be "slightly significant," but it seems to me worthy of inclusion among "quotable passages." If the other passage had been entirely omitted from the body of the book, the reviewer's criticism would have been in point.

As no edition of Browning has line-number, the references in the book come necessarily to pages. The compact one-volume "Cambridge" edition is so neat, convenient, and cheap, that students of the poet will be likely to buy it even if they already own the sixteen-volume English or the six-volume "Riverside" edition.

I have tested the book in many ways, and have found it eminently satisfactory.

W. J. R.

Cambridge, January 4, 1897.

[The reviewer of the "Browning Phrase-Book" is under no misapprehension as to the plan of that work. Before writing the notice, he also had "tested the book in many ways," during two months of very frequent use while engaged in an undertaking that would have made a really good work of the kind of very great value. It is true, as Dr. Rolfe states, that the passage whose supposed omission is criticised ("No work begun shall ever pause for death") is in the book; but it might almost as well not be there as to be placed under so inadequate and blind a reference as *Lover*, instead of under either one of the obvious pivotal words *Death*, *Work*, or *Pause*. To illustrate — suppose a Shakespeare Phrase-Book should insert the lines,

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves that we are underlings,"

under the catchword *Brutus*, and there only. The case is precisely parallel when the citation in question is placed under *Lover* and nowhere else. This lack of a sense of pertinency is one of the things that make the book so disappointing. And we cannot think that this defect is remedied by the *single-word* Index. The preface of the work speaks of this as a "novel feature"; the experiment can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. Suppose, in the case under consideration, that the student, disappointed in his search at the proper places through the Phrase-Book, follows Dr. Rolfe's advice and turns to the Index. He may then take his choice between looking up, one by one, either the thirty-eight references under *Death*, the fifteen under *Work*, or the five under *Pause*, until by greater or less good luck his will-o-the-wisp chase is rewarded by stumbling upon the right one. The addition of a word or two from the context would have added but little to the work of the compiler, and, type being chosen judiciously, very little to the bulk of the volume. It is difficult to see any use in a single-word Index, except as a curiosity for the linguist. The reviewer's disappointment with this book was in proportion to his anticipations of its publication. The compiler's frank confession of the lapses and losses of various kinds which involved a change of plan during the process of the book's evolution excites the reader's sympathy, but does not mend its shortcomings when he applies to it for aid. — THE REVIEWER.]

SOME DISPUTED HIBERNICISMS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A little article by me on Irishisms, in the "Atlantic Contributors' Club," has called out some diverting discussions, which perhaps may be worth pursuing a little farther. One writer challenges particularly my instances of *gyarden* and *gyirl*, and cites Walker as authority, adding that "Walker in his Pronouncing Dictionary distinctly adopts the pronunciation *gyirl*." "In fact," continues my critic, "Walker defends the injection of the *y*-sound after the letters *c*, *g*, and *k*." It may be that I have blundered, but if I have, I think I have at least blundered in good company. For I have always understood that *gyirl*, *gyarden*, *cyar*, etc., are to be regarded as Hibernicisms, and — not to mention others — Lowell so regarded them in his entertaining and instructive paper on the Yankee Dialect.

In regard to Walker it must be borne in mind that his pronunciation represents, in the main, the received pronunciation of the last century. For although his dictionary was published in this century, yet Walker acquired his pronunciation in the latter half of the last century. No one, therefore, who is familiar with linguistic principles would cite a lexicographer of the eighteenth century or of the first decade of the nineteenth as an authority for English pronunciation in the present year of grace. As well say at once that our language has undergone no change in the course of the present century — a thing which no student of English is prepared to admit. I am aware that in the last century, and in the first quarter of the present, *kyar* for *car* and *gyirl*, etc., were of common occurrence, and perhaps were even the *jus et norma loquendi*, but they are no longer the standard pronunciation either in England or America. They are now antiquated and are generally considered Hibernicisms, perhaps because of their wide currency among the uneducated Irish. (I do not include, of course, the educated Irish, though even some of them may have a predilection for the pronunciation in question.)

I cite only one authority, whose words in a matter of this kind are presumably entitled to our respect, to show that Walker's pronunciation cannot be taken as authoritative in questions of present-day pronunciation. Ellis, in his great work on English Pronunciation (Vol. I., p. 206) says: "As respects the particular usage [*kyart*, *kyind*, *skyarlet*, *skyi*, *gyard*, *gyuide*, etc., for *cart*, *kind*, etc.] it is now antiquated in English. But in Walker's time it was so much the custom that he found it 'impossible' to pronounce *garrison* and *carriage* with the pure (*g*, *k*), without any inserted (*i*) sound."

I did not undertake in my brief article to explain the phonetics of the pronunciations which we now commonly regard as Hibernicisms. I am of the opinion, though I have not investigated the subject thoroughly, that these antiquated pronunciations can be shown to reach back to the principle of Anglo-Saxon "breaking," and so are really survivals of an early palatalization.

EDWIN W. BOWEN.

Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., Jan. 6, 1897.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Music and song, twin passions without peer,—

These, sanctified by love, illumed thy life, Lanier.

O flute-voiced bard! thy soul shines yet more clear

In God's Infinity. Sing on, Lanier!

ALICE ELIZABETH RICH.

The New Books.

ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE.*

Extravagant praise and an occasional suggestion of what Matthew Arnold called "a full habit of style" mar somewhat the general effect of Miss Harriet Monroe's otherwise satisfactory life of John Wellborn Root. Miss Monroe's unbounded admiration for her relative is touching and creditable in itself; but had she tempered the expression of it, and limited herself to a sober account of Mr. Root and his work, done throughout in plain prose, she would in our judgment have produced a better book and a more effective panegyric. But notwithstanding the rather frequent poetic excursions of the sort referred to, there is a good deal of terse straightforward narrative in the volume — enough to help the judicious reader to a fair idea of Mr. Root and of the value, influence, and character of his work.

It is in discussing Mr. Root's work as an architect, rather than his character as a man, that the author is at her best. Her chapters on his "Ideas of Modern Architecture," "His Work and its Results," and on his share in the Columbian Exposition, are critical and intelligent, and will command the respect of professional readers. What Mr. Root did for the Fair is thus stated by Messrs. Charles L. Hutchinson and Owen F. Aldis, both leading members of its committees. Says Mr. Hutchinson:

"You cannot overstate John Root's services to the Exposition. He wanted Jackson Park when the landscape gardeners and nearly every member of the Committee were opposed to it. In the beginning of the enterprise, he saw very clearly, more clearly than all others, how beautiful would be the effect of combining land and water in this park; and he persisted until everyone else came around to his opinion. It was his mind, more than any other, which was felt in the initiative of the great enterprise."

Mr. Aldis says:

"John Root made the Fair until he died — or no, I must modify that, because Mr. Olmsted had a share in it; I don't know how great. From these two men came the artistic impetus of the Columbian Exposition, and it was carried out on the large lines they laid down."

Intelligent visitors to the Fair pretty gen-

*JOHN WELLBORN ROOT. A Study of his Life and Work. By Harriet Monroe. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE. An Outline of the Styles in all Countries. By Charles Thompson Mathews, M.A. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE: A Historical Study. By Russell Sturgis, A.M. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

erally agreed that the finest and most impressive thing about it was its outward *ensemble*; and while the more general features of that *ensemble* were evidently planned by Mr. Root, we learn that his conception of the Fair "differed much from the White City of memory." Miss Monroe gives a gracefully written outline sketch of what the Exposition might have been architecturally had Mr. Root's ideals, or rather his "initial preferences," been carried out in detail. It would have been, not a White City, but a City of Color; not a seemingly permanent city of counterfeit marble, but a frankly ephemeral one of multiform parti-colored structures, rising, as it were, overnight "like an exhalation," and vanishing as swiftly when its purpose was served.

"The fundamental point in Root's creed as an architect was sincerity: a building should frankly express its purpose and its material. . . . He wished to frankly admit in the architectural scheme the temporary character of the Fair: it should be a great, joyous, luxuriant midsummer efflorescence, born to bloom for an hour and perish — a splendid buoyant thing, flaunting its gay colors between the shifting blues of sky and lake, exultantly, prodigally. . . . Among all the tentative sketches of the Fair, or portions of it, which Root threw off from day to day during these busy weeks, there is scarcely a trace of a classic motive. On the contrary, there is much that is unconventional or even bizarre, conceived in a lyric mood with delightful freshness and spontaneity. He was much pleased one day when an English artist, trained in the schools, but hospitable to new suggestions, recognized what he was striving for in one of these drawings: 'You've got an exuberant barbaric effect there — a kind of an American Kremlin,' he said, 'lots of color and noise and life.' . . . Root's possible decisions in points of detail are of course a mere matter of conjecture. . . . Staff, which had been used extensively in Paris, was not his preference for large structures, though it might have been his choice eventually for a great deal of the work. He would never have used it in imitation of marble, but he would have appreciated its delightful temptations to gayety of modelling and coloring. But whatever the materials, his whole heart was centred upon his hope of an American Fair — an architectural scheme which should express exuberantly our young, crude, buoyant civilization, and strike our note at last in the world's art."

Few, we fancy, who carry in memory the serene and classic beauty of the White City will regret that the phase of Mr. Root's architectural scheme above outlined, with its showy gimerackery of the "American Kremlin" order, failed of realization. It must not be inferred that Mr. Root's aim at originality and his ambition of a national type of architecture were of the sort that affects to despise the lessons and ignore the conventions of the past. He was the student and scholar, as well as the man of original gift. "No true success," he

used to say, "comes to an architect who is not grounded in the classics. Life is not long enough for one to himself discover those laws of beauty which thousands of years have evolved for architecture." These wise and clear words, weighed with the authority that belongs to practical achievement, may well be pondered by those who idly preach the notion of a national art whose roots shall strike no deeper than our own new and shallow soil. Miss Monroe's book is fairly readable, and the more important part of it is acceptably written. It forms a warmly enthusiastic and at times an eloquent tribute to the memory of a gifted and genial man. Mechanically, and notably in the matter of illustrations, the volume is a noble product. The plates comprise mainly choice and characteristic examples of the work of Mr. Root, of whom there is an attractive frontispiece portrait.

Mr. Charles Thompson Mathews's "Story of Architecture" is a concise and serviceable manual, profusely illustrated, the scope and aim of which are fairly indicated in the title. The book is a good example of the popular yet instructive treatment of a technical theme; and we commend it to readers desirous of acquiring quickly and agreeably a fair general knowledge of the history of "the most useful of the fine arts, and the finest of the useful arts." That history, properly speaking, begins at the point where the idea of beauty, of harmonious distribution of mass, first influenced the work of the builder—all the previous unfolding of the craft belonging, as the author says, to archæology. Beginning with the architecture of Egypt, Mr. Mathews proceeds to consider in turn (constantly keeping in view the influence upon each style of the three prime forces—climate, race, and religion) that of India, Indo-China, and Java; Eastern Asia; Mexico, Central America, and Peru; Assyria and Western Asia; Greece; Etruria and Rome; the Byzantine style; Early Christian architecture; the Saracenic style; the Romanesque style; the Gothic style—ecclesiastical and secular; the Renaissance. The volume closes with a brief review of American architecture, in the course of which the author observes of the World's Fair (after quoting the statement of the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects that "the Court of Honor was the grandest thing architecturally that the world had ever seen since the days of Pericles":

"Concerning individual buildings, it seems to be generally conceded that the Fine Arts Building was the

most beautiful thing ever erected in this country as regards purity and distribution; while the gem for modesty and simplicity among the more subordinate works bore the prosaic and uninspiring title of the Merchant Tailors' Building."

More technical and analytical in treatment than the foregoing work is Mr. Russell Sturgis's scholarly historical study of "European Architecture." The book is offered primarily as a guide to students intending to inspect for themselves the buildings described in it; but it should also prove most helpful to readers whose conceptions of those buildings must be derived from photographs, etc. As to the latter class of readers, Mr. Sturgis observes:

"For those who cannot at once visit the monuments which still exist in Europe, it may be said that their position toward all European architecture is not unlike the position which the most favored of us hold with regard to Greek and Roman architecture. Greek and Roman monuments have perished, and their loveliness or grandeur can be appreciated only by a mental process of reconstruction. Somewhat in the same way the stay-at-home student may get much comfort out of photographs accompanied by trustworthy plans. To such students, also, this book is offered as a help in the interpretation of their photographs."

The chapter headings are: "Grecian Architecture"; "Roman Imperial Architecture"; "The Architecture of Europe, 350 to 750 A.D."; "The Architecture of Europe, 750 to 1150 A.D."; "Architecture of Western Europe, 1150 to 1300 A.D.,—and so on down to "Architecture of Western Europe, 1665 to 1789 A.D." The text is profusely sprinkled with woodcuts; and besides these there are nine full-page photographic plates of good quality. The book is attractively made, and may be commended without reserve to those for whom it is written.

E. G. J.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S FINAL VOLUME.*

With the appearance of Mr. Herbert Spencer's concluding volume of "The Principles of Sociology" the end of a long journey is reached, and a noble monument, more enduring than bronze, will keep alive the memory of a great thinker to whom the world owes more than we can yet comprehend. The preface to this concluding volume of Mr. Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" is one of the most pathetic yet inspiring passages of literature. It does not complain nor moaningly expose personal weakness, and it shows a lofty and serene spirit that

*THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY, Volume III. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

has so long toiled in "leisure, parfaitlie," according "to the plan that pleased his childish thought," or rather the plan of early manhood. A quiet tone of exultation is in the words, "It may fairly be said that, if not absolutely in the way specified, the promise of the prospectus has been redeemed." This "invalid of seventy-six" looks back on "six-and-thirty years which have passed since the Synthetic Philosophy was commenced," and adds:

"I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it, and still more surprised by its completion. In 1860 my small resources had been nearly all frittered away in writing and publishing books which did not repay their expenses; and I was suffering under a chronic disorder, caused by over-tax of brain in 1855, which, wholly disabling me for eighteen months, thereafter limited my work to three hours a day, and usually to less. How insane my project must have seemed to on-lookers, may be judged from the fact that before the first chapter of the first volume was finished, one of my nervous breakdowns obliged me to desist. But imprudent courses do not always fail. Sometimes a forlorn hope is justified by the event. Though, along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for weeks, now for months, and once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still, there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health, have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life."

The volume just from the press contains three parts: Ecclesiastical Institutions, Professional Institutions, and Industrial Institutions. The first part has been published in book form, the second in journal-articles, while the third appears here for the first time and will probably excite the greatest interest and stir most debate. But the principles which underlie the treatment have long been familiar to the world in previous writings of the author. Under the head of "Ecclesiastical Institutions" there is a discussion of the religious idea, medicine-men and priests, priestly duties of descendants, the ruler as priest, the rise of a priesthood, polytheistic and monotheistic priest-hoods, ecclesiastical hierarchies, an ecclesiastical system as a social bond, the military functions of priests, the civil functions of priests, Church and State, nonconformity, the moral influences of priest-hoods, ecclesiastical retrospect and prospect, and religious retrospect and prospect. Under "Professional Institutions" the author treats the evolution from the priestly class of the professions of physicians and surgeons, dancers and musicians, orators, poets, actors, dramatists, biographers, historians, men of letters, men of science and philosophy, judges

and lawyers, teachers and architects, sculptors, painters.

Turning to the part now first presented in this complete form to the public, we find a treatise on the economic history of mankind. Brief and condensed as is the statement, we enjoy the results of a comparison of the industrial systems of all the races of mankind. The literary form of this statement is clear, readable, and even pictorial. The illustrations from particular peoples serve to illuminate the abstract formulas of the philosophy. Of course the final criticism of the data and of the judgments must rest with ethnologists and students of culture-history, but the broad and comprehensive method is one which expands the mind and helps us to see the relations of our economic problems to the larger life of the race. One is impressed by the idea that there are laws of development, and that the social order is by no means capricious and unintelligible.

The introduction to this part of the work deals with the difficulties of developing an industrial system. Nature is a step-mother which yields only what is earned. Chronic war hinders the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. Human nature itself, formed by ages of habit, is not quickly and easily adjusted to new conditions. Provident habits, increased intelligence and foresight, must be slowly acquired. The tyranny of custom must be broken. But forming forces have gradually removed obstructions and developed momentum; "until at length the speed has become such that the improvements which science and enterprise have achieved during this century are greater in amount than those achieved during all past centuries put together."

The chapter on the specialization of functions and division of labor is necessary to the logical order, and is happily written, but is already familiar. This is true of the chapters on acquisition and production and on distribution. The more highly developed systems are discussed under the titles "auxiliary distribution," "auxiliary exchange," etc. The close of a chapter on inter-dependence and integration, after a masterly exposition of the natural growth of our commercial system, brings out one of the favorite ideas of the author. The modern world is clamoring for the "organization of labor." Men suppose that at present labor is unorganized. They are blind to the marvellous specializations and connections which the human race has already built up out of its experiences. Then follows a rhetorical thrust

which, like the needle of a wasp, carries the venom under the skin: "A fly seated on the surface of the body has about as good a conception of its internal structure as one of these schemers has of the social organization in which he is imbedded."

The various modes of the regulation of labor are traced according to the principles of the law of evolution from rude beginnings to the contemporary system. The industrial regulation has been differentiated from ecclesiastical and political control; has freed itself by slow degrees from the extreme consciousness which goes with a militant state of society; has passed from paternal to patriarchal and communal methods, through guilds, slavery, serfdom, to free labor and contract. Mr. Spencer regards the "wage system" as only relatively the best for our age; as very superior to the systems of slavery, serfdom, and guilds, but as certain to yield place to a higher form of organization better adapted to freedom and self-development.

"The wage-earning factory-hand does, indeed, exemplify entirely free labor, in so far that, making contracts at will and able to break them after short notice, he is free to engage with whomsoever he pleases and when he pleases. But this liberty amounts in practice to little more than the ability to exchange one slavery for another; since, fit only for his particular occupation, he has rarely an opportunity of doing anything more than decide in what mill he will pass the greater part of his dreary days."

When Mr. Debs comes to quote this passage it will be called "incendiary," and out of its context it may be so. The context also must be quoted:

"It seems that in the course of social progress, parts, more or less large, of each society, are sacrificed for the benefit of the society as a whole. . . . Men are used up for the benefit of posterity; and so long as they go on multiplying in excess of the means of subsistence, there appears no remedy."

Thus the wet-blanket of Malthusianism quenches the flame of the socialistic orator.

The depressing passage just quoted, however, must be read in connection with the hopeful but moderate commendations of coöperation and trade-unionism. Trade-unionism is relatively justifiable in the transition from a militant type of industrial society to a peaceful type. Coöperation is the form of industrial production and regulation for the future. But it is a distant future.

"The practicability of such a system depends on character. Throughout this volume it has been variously shown that higher types of society are made possible only by higher types of nature; and the implication is that the best industrial institutions are possible only with the best men."

And human nature is transformed much more slowly than the dissolving views called Utopias.

Socialism is curtly dismissed in a short chapter, and solemnly, bitterly, renounced with all its works. All the more bitterly is it assailed because Mr. Spencer feels that it is gaining power and will lead back to despotism and an inferior type of man. But only temporarily. Here and there will arise self-governing, self-reliant, self-supporting peoples, "who have not been emasculated by fostering their feebleness—peoples before whom the socialistic organization will go down like a house of cards, as did that of the ancient Peruvians before a handful of Spaniards." The volume closes with a repetition of the belief expressed fifty years ago:

"The ultimate man will be one whose private requirements coincide with public ones. He will be that manner of man who, in spontaneously fulfilling his own nature, incidentally performs the functions of a social unit; and yet is only enabled so to fulfil his own nature by all others doing the like."

Thus is completed one of the most comprehensive intellectual enterprises of our century. The reviewer refrains from obtruding his own criticisms in a brief notice. He may regard Mr. Spencer's religious attitude and his theory of philosophy as unsound, vague, and defective in vital points. He may object to his extreme individualism and his policeman theory of the State. A great army presents many points of attack. But profoundly as we may differ from this illustrious author, we all owe him a debt of lasting gratitude. When the errors of his system have been exposed and corrected, and when the gaps have all been filled, there will remain the vast framework of a plan consistent as that of Aquinas and only somewhat less comprehensive; and there will remain also the picture of a broken man toiling away for thirty-six years without surrender, even when almost in despair; and there will remain the example of a man whose words always expressed the actual state of his mind with perfect transparency and accuracy, because he had nothing to conceal. He had no reverence for sham, and many of his most severe attacks on the Church were deserved and will leave the genuine elements of religion more conspicuous for the destruction of masks and counterfeits. He reserved his worship, "mostly of the silent sort," for that Power which he called the Unknowable, but to whom his writings have ever, implicitly or explicitly, ascribed the qualities of goodness and justice which are centred in Jesus's ideal of the Heavenly Father.

C. R. HENDERSON.

THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES OF
PRINTED BOOKS.*

It was Carlyle — was it not? — who said that the value of a book was often measured by its preface. This observation is peculiarly true of the second volume of Mr. Putnam's "Books and their Makers." He would be an uninterested reader indeed who could read this admirable introduction and not be spurred to continue; for in a few swift, comprehensive paragraphs the author has summed up the character and value of the production and distribution of books in the two centuries immediately following the invention of printing. The larger part of the volume is taken up with a consideration of the men and the literature of the Reformation era.

The Reformation was in part a consequence of the Renaissance. The expansion of human interest and the spirit of free inquiry engendered in that period at last led men to question the highest of all authorities of the mediæval epoch — the church. This healthful skepticism was stimulated by interest in the classics, whence scholars worked back to the original languages of the Book of Authority. But the Reformation was in part also a reaction from the Renaissance. The paganism of Renaissance Italy finally had penetrated into the secret place of authority, the pontificate. Leo X. was suspected of averroism, with good reason. Again, the Reformation was independent of the Renaissance. Early movements for church reform, like those of the Cathari and the Mystics, prefigured the spiritual upheaval of the church. To Mr. Putnam, naturally enough, the Reformation is more a continuation of the purely intellectual qualities of the Renaissance than anything else. In a few excellent pages (pp. 27-84) he points out the far-reaching and reciprocal influence the invention of printing and the Reformation had upon one another. The press did more to democratize religion, which hitherto had been the possession of the priest-class, than any other means. Finally the papacy took alarm, for even the people at last came to question the authority of the church. The Renaissance popes had carried within their own bosoms the very weapons which were to strike them down. Leo X. was the last papal patron

* BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. A Study of the Conditions of the Production and Distribution of Literature from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Close of the Seventeenth Century. Volume II. (1500-1709). By George Haven Putnam, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of letters. His successors discovered how efficient a means of attack upon them the press had become.

It will readily be seen how great were the problems of a publisher in that day. The business was in its formative stage. Mr. Putnam says:

"The business carried on by these early publishers differed very materially from that of their successors. All the machinery of bookmaking had to be originated or created, while it was necessary also to establish channels of distribution and through these to discover and to educate a reading public which should absorb the productions of the new presses. The task of selecting the works which were best adapted for the requirements of the first buyers of printed books, of securing trustworthy texts of these works, of editing these texts, and of supervising their typesetting, called for a large measure of literary judgment and scholarly knowledge, combined with a capacity for organizing and directing an editorial staff. There was also necessity for the gift of imagination through which could be pictured literary conditions and creations, for which as yet there was no precedent. And finally, steps had to be taken for securing a legal status for the new class of property that was being brought into existence" (p. 15).

The last was peculiarly delicate and difficult to secure, owing to the large number of small and intensely jealous states, especially in Italy and Germany, and the suspicion of the church. The Estiennes in France, the Kobergers in Nuremberg, the Elzevirs and Plantin of the Low Countries, men like these filled the breach of new requirement. Their high sense of honor and scrupulous integrity as publishers might put much of modern publication to the blush. Henri Estienne looked upon every error in the page as a blemish upon his personal character. His son Robert was accustomed "to hang by in the streets or in the precincts of the University proof-sheets of important works which were passing through his Press, and to offer a reward for every error that might be discovered" (pp. 21, 31).

The influence of the Reformation began to tell early upon the young publishing business, and soon was destined to absorb almost all of its publication. It is at this point that the subject inevitably reaches beyond the limits originally given it. An understanding of the Reformation as it progressed in France and Germany and England is essential to an account of the work of the publisher-printers of the epoch. The character of their publications was largely determined by their religious and political affiliations, and these very works were to determine the character and quality of the literature of the time.

Little of this sort of history appears in Mr.

Putnam's pages; and yet it is essential to his plan. He does not even, in order to clear the ground before the reader, relieve him of the common but erroneous belief that the Reformation in France was not a German derivative. The French Reformation had its origin in France. What it would have become without Luther, cannot, of course, be determined. But it was born of rare spirits in France, and was not a German exotic. Luther and Calvin were the great captains of the Reformation; but Luther had a French precursor and had been anticipated many times in Germany. He was not the first cry, nor the only cry of reform; but he was its clearest, loudest bugle-call. In France that note was first sounded by a professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Paris, Lefèvre d'Étaples, who wrote in 1508 his "Quincuplex Psalterium," which was printed by Henri Estienne. Mr. Putnam makes only a meagre and indecisive allusion to Lefèvre (p. 19).

Switzerland was the place of refuge for all outcast Protestants in the sixteenth century. Calvin was the genius and directive force of this community. Mr. Putnam does full justice to this haughty thinker — for at heart Calvin, like Hildebrand, had a strong sense of his own superiority and kept loftily aloof from most men. The "Institutes" is characterized as "the most important intellectual product of the Reformation." It was Robert Estienne who had the honor of giving that great work to the world. "The publication of this authoritative edition of a book which belongs to the distinctive literature not only of the sixteenth century but of the world's history, was a fitting undertaking with which to close the labors of the great publisher" (p. 55). The decline of the Estienne publishing-house was due partly to the fact that the great Estiennes, Henri and Robert, left no heir capable of continuing their work along the large lines laid down; partly to the political interests which the Calvinist movement had developed. Moreover, much of the prestige of the house had been in the scholarship of its masters. There could be no second "Thesaurus" and no other editor like Henri Estienne. The decline was not sudden, but it was a decline.

Perhaps the best exemplification of the difficulty which Mr. Putnam has encountered, that of an adequate grasp of the history which is reflected in the books of which he writes, is afforded by the two chapters upon German books and bookmakers, "The Kobergers of

Nuremberg" and "Luther as an Author," at once one of the best and one of the weakest portions of the book. Events in the moral sphere, such as history is, do not take place with the suddenness of phenomena in the geologic world. The Reformation was a slow development, slower in Germany than elsewhere. An historian of the Reformation never would have written this paragraph, and one wishes Mr. Putnam had not:

"The downfall of imperial Rome, which (irrespective of the internal causes) was brought about by persistent Teutonic onslaughts, terminated the period of the world's history which is, for convenience, called classic or ancient. In like manner, the overthrow of the worldwide domination of ecclesiastical Rome was brought about by the attack of the Teuton Luther, an attack which, backed by the Teutonic forces of North Europe, developed into a revolution against Italian rule and terminated the epoch of mediævalism" (p. 240).

Luther was not the cause of the Reformation, but simply its greatest occasion. Hus and the Waldenses, Joachim of Flora, Tauler the Mystic, and Wesel, who had been professor at Erfurt, Luther's own college town, had planted and watered Germany. There were seventeen editions of the German Bible before Luther's translation, fourteen in High German and three in the Low German language. Mr. Putnam seems to have overlooked this, for he says, in writing of the Kobergers: "Two German versions of the Bible had been published before this of Koberger in 1483, one in Strasburg and one in Cologne" (p. 159). Perhaps, though, Mr. Putnam means by the word "versions" to make the distinction into the High and Low forms of the language. But even if this be the case, there is still an error, for Strasburg was not the only, nor the greatest, place of publication of the High German version, and Cologne has to divide honor with other cities also. But an error greater than this occurs in the paragraph immediately before the statement made above:

"In the year 1483, the year in which Luther was born, Koberger published his German Bible. The text was translated from the Latin of the Vulgate and was illustrated with woodcuts. I have not been able to ascertain what was the German idiom used for this version, but it was a form that never took any permanent place in the literature of the country. Luther, referring to the Nuremberg Bible, declared that 'no one could speak German of this outlandish kind'" (pp. 158-9).

In this passage Mr. Putnam has missed the essential fact of Luther's claims as an author. A practiced historian would have discovered the identity of this German idiom which "never took any permanent place in the literature of

the country." As intimated above, there were numerous editions of the Bible in the vernacular before Luther's writing. They were reprinted from a Middle High German translation from the Latin Vulgate made in the fourteenth century by a person or persons unknown. This, of course, was prior to the discovery of printing, but with the invention of movable types the previous manuscript version gained new currency. When Koberger, in 1483, printed his German Bible* he put upon the press this Middle High German version, which then was from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old. Luther's criticism, that "no one could speak German of that outlandish kind," was perfectly just, saving only that the language was not strictly outlandish, but was out of date. The Middle High German tongue in the fourteenth century had not yet reached its term of development. This fact throws light upon Luther's true place as a Bible translator. He modernized the Bible for the German people of his day, and, owing to his own literary skill, the fortunate aid of the press, and the growing interest of men in the Bible, he was enabled to crystallize the language. The *New High German* of his day was the fullness of development of the German language.

But if Luther did not create the German Bible, yet one form of literature, the pamphlet, owed its origin and popularity to the stimulus he gave to the German mind. Luther's break with the humanists had tended to make the German Reformation more popular than in France where the allegiance of the nobles to Calvinism made the movement half aristocratic. Mr. Putnam has admirably described the character and influence of these *Flugschriften* (pp. 161-2, 221-2, 240). Wittenberg caught the most of this profit. The aggregate of pamphlets for the ten years (1513-23) was 3113, half of which was printed in Wittenberg. The more dignified and larger works, however, were published by the great house of Koberger.

"Koberger's correspondence shows that he had agents or active representatives not only in the other book-centres of the empire, such as Frankfort, Leipzig, Vienna, Basel, Strasburg, and Cologne, but in more distant cities, with which business interchange must, during the first years of the sixteenth century, have been subject to serious risks and to many interruptions, such as Paris, Buda-Pesth, Warsaw, Venice, Florence, Rome, Antwerp, Bruges, and Leyden. In this matter of organizing connections and distributing machinery throughout the Continent, Koberger had a decided advantage

* There is a copy of this rare edition in the library of Union Theological Seminary in New York.

over his great contemporary Aldus, who found . . . no little difficulty in maintaining permanent satisfactory arrangements for the distribution of his books north of the Alps. Aldus was obliged to depend chiefly upon his direct correspondence with individual buyers among the scholars of Europe, but Koberger secured larger results by utilizing the services of the book trade, the organization of which in France and Germany was now taking shape. He was himself, in fact, a bookseller as well as a publisher and printer, selling both to the book-trade and at retail, and he was the first of the booksellers of Germany, and possibly of Europe, to issue a classified catalogue of current publications" (p. 151).

Koberger was fortunate in his time, for he printed before the zeal of reform had startled the church, and therefore had not to contend with authority and censorship. But the great concern passed away almost with the death of its founder.

The happiest combination of humanism and the ideas of the Reformation was in Erasmus. Mr. Putnam has no more entertaining chapter than that upon Erasmus. Erasmus is distinguished by one peculiar success in which he is superior to many writers even in these days of books—he was the earliest writer after the invention of printing who made a profit by his pen. Of the first Basel edition of "The Praise of Folly," 1800 copies were sold in six months. Latin, German, French, and Dutch versions were printed. No less than twenty-seven editions were called for during the author's life. Froben alone printed 1000; Aldus, 8000; Schürer of Strasburg, 1100; Bodius and Philippus of Paris, 3000. The "Colloquia" reached 24,000 in a term of ten years, the demand being increased by the rumor that the book was to be put upon the *Index* by the Pope. Luther never made any profit from his writings, nor did he so seek. Mr. Putnam has a most instructive passage upon this question of authors' *honoraria* in the sixteenth century, which almost tempts quotation (pp. 175-7).

It is a little remarkable that a man so closely identified with the humanists in England should have found his publisher in Froben of Basel instead of with the successors of Caxton. Froben seems to have been like the church in Laodicea, neither hot nor cold, in which position of mind conscience and business seem to have been blended.

"After 1520 Froben prints no further books for Luther, although it is evident that an assured and increasing sale was being secured for these. It is probable that he was influenced to this decision by the counsels of Erasmus and in connection with his relations to Leo X. It seems evident that Froben, while not a bigoted Romanist, had not been attracted by the doctrines of the Reformers. Irrespective of his long per-

sonal association with Erasmus, it is probable that his own scholarly temperament and direction of thought would have brought him into sympathy rather with the views of the scholar of Rotterdam than with those of the Monk of Wittenberg" (p. 191).

Caxton is too familiar a personage to dwell upon here; and space forbids more than allusion to the Elzevirs and Plantin. The reader may run to Mr. Putnam's work for knowledge of them. It is notable for the mass of information gathered together, as well as for the presentation thereof. The latter portion of the book is taken up with subjects of another sort, no more than the titles of which may be indicated here—Italy: Privileges and Censorship; Germany: Privileges and Book-Trade Regulations; France: Privileges, Censorship, and Legislation; England: Privileges, Censorship, and Legislation; The Development of the Conception of Literary Property. The upgrowth of press censorship and the history of the *Index Expurgatorius* make an interesting theme, and one of which Mr. Putnam is peculiarly fitted to write. Liberty of the press and that larger liberty not yet wholly realized—international copyright—grew out of the reaction against repressive legislation. The author, in a sense, has been more at home in the latter part of the volume than in the first part. But throughout there is evidence of scholarship, industry, and that sympathy for his subject without which no writer can be at his best. Mr. Putnam has been at his best. *Palmas qui meruit, habeat.*

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

MR. HARE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

Mr. Hare's autobiography tells the story of the greater part of a long and not uneventful life. It covers the periods of childhood, youth, and early manhood, and closes with the year 1870, when the author had reached his thirty-sixth year and had fairly embarked on his literary career. The story of the first and second of these periods is told in great detail; that of the third is told in less detail, and, unfortunately, with less clearness, as its slight thread is all but lost in a labyrinth of anecdote and reminiscence. It is for this reason that the author's account, as it draws to a close, is more like a history of men, women, and things, than an autobiography.

*THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In two volumes. With illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It will be easily surmised, then, that one should look for suggestions as to the true character of Mr. Hare in the earlier portion of his work, and it may be remarked here that he shows an unusual candor in revealing what many men would conceal. The strange thing about it is that Mr. Hare himself comes out of the ordeal unscathed, while his parents, uncles, aunts, and other relatives, are less fortunate. His attitude toward the associations of his youth is one of constant complaint; and to some extent this attitude is justifiable. His early training and education were strangely misdirected. His childhood was passed at a pretty country-house called Lime, situated near Hurstmonceaux, the former ancestral estate of the Hares. Here he grew up under the direction of his aunt and adopted mother, Maria Hare, a woman of saint-like character, but quite unfit to mother the boy she had adopted. It would be hard to say whether he was most unfortunate in his home influences or in his school life. After a succession of worthless tutors and private schools, he at last, just two years before entering Balliol College, Oxford, came under the instruction of the Rev. Charles Bradley, a most eccentric man, but a thoroughly good teacher. The two years spent with him helped to make up for the poverty of his previous instruction, and to him Mr. Hare always felt deeply indebted for the beneficial influence he exerted on both his mind and heart. His course at Balliol College was begun in 1853 and finished in 1857. The college lectures he characterizes as the "merest rubbish," and of his whole education he says: "About fourteen years of life and above £4000 I consider to have been wasted on my education of nothingness."

By this time Mr. Hare had begun those voyages abroad which were to become such an absorbing feature of his maturer years. After leaving Oxford, in 1857, he passed more extended periods on the continent, and thus laid the foundation for those entertaining Handbooks which the modern traveller in Europe finds so indispensable. The first work of the kind which he undertook was the "Handbook of Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire," written for John Murray the publisher, which is principally worthy of note because it showed him what a book of this sort should not be. He was required to produce a work which he knew would be "utterly unreadable, though correct and useful for reference," and it was probably owing to his aversion for such work as this that he afterwards filled his guide-books with a

wealth of pleasure and instruction. From this point on, his life is largely a record of his travels, though this record introduces the reader to a very large circle of noted men and women in England and elsewhere, and carries him through much of what is best worth seeing in Europe. His vivid descriptions of the scenes he visited and his impressions of the people he knew may form for some the most entertaining portion of his autobiography.

Among the noted men of whom Mr. Hare at one time or another saw a great deal, and with whom he was in some cases intimately acquainted, were Wordsworth, Landor, Sterling, Manning, Jowett, Tennyson, Maurice, Ruskin, Arnold, and others. He has told interesting anecdotes about nearly all of these men, and particularly about Landor, with whom he dined once a week while the latter was living at Bath and he himself was a schoolboy at Lyncombe.

"Mr. Landor's rooms . . . were entirely covered with pictures, the frames fitting close to one another, leaving not the smallest space of wall visible. . . . He lived alone with his beautiful white spitz dog Pomo, which he allowed to do whatever it liked, and frequently to sit in the oddest way on the bald top of his head. He would talk to Pomo by the hour together, poetry, philosophy, whatever he was thinking of, all of it imbued with his own powerful personality, and would often roar with laughter till the whole house seemed to shake. I have never heard a laugh like that of Mr. Landor — 'deep-mouthed Beotian Savage Landor,' as Byron called him — such a regular cannonade. He was 'the sanest madman and the maddest reasonable man in the world,' as Cervantes says of Don Quixote. In the evenings he would sit for hours in impassioned contemplation; in the mornings he wrote incessantly, to fling off sheet after sheet for the *Examiner*, seldom looking them over afterwards. He scarcely ever read, for he only possessed one shelf of books. If anyone gave him a volume he mastered it and gave it away, and this he did because he believed that if he was to keep the book and be able to refer to it, he should not be able to absorb its contents so as to retain them. . . . He never bought any new clothes, and a chimneysweep would have been ashamed to wear his coat, which was always the same as long as I knew him, though it in no way detracted from his majestic and lion-like appearance. But he was very particular about his little dinners, and it was about these that his violent explosions of passion usually took place. I have seen him take a pheasant up by the legs when it was brought to table and throw it into the back of the fire over the head of the servant in attendance. . . . At the same time nothing could be more nobly courteous than his manner to his guests, . . . and his conversation, whilst calculated to put all his visitors at their ease and draw out their best points, was always wise, chivalrous, pure, and witty."

In a letter to his sister, dated May 22, 1864, Mr. Hare wrote further regarding Landor:

"I have seen poor Mr. Landor several times. He has a small lodging in the Via della Chiesa, where he 'sits out the grey remainder of his evening,' as Cole-

ridge would describe it. He is terribly altered, has lost the use of his hearing and almost of his speech, and cannot move from his chair to his bed. . . . When he left Villa Landore, it was because Mrs. Landor turned him out by main force. It was a burning day, a torrid summer sun. He walked on dazed down the dusty road, the sun beating on his head. His life probably was saved by his meeting Mr. Browning, who took him home. . . . Mrs. Story says that nothing ever more completely realised King Lear than his appearance when he arrived, with his long floating white locks and his wild far-away expression."

When Mr. Hare went to Turin, in 1858, he had long talks on art with Ruskin. As a child he had always taken great delight in drawing, and this youthful devotion to art broadened and deepened as he grew into manhood. His mother had always counseled him to seek truth rather than to strive vaguely after an unattainable excellence. She had also opposed his use of color, believing that he had no right to it until he could draw perfectly. His earlier work, therefore, was usually done in pencil and sepia. While they were at Turin, Mrs. Hare gave some of her son's drawings to Ruskin to look at. "He examined them all very carefully," writes Mr. Hare, "and said nothing for some time. At last he pointed out one of the cathedrals at Perugia as 'the least bad of a very poor collection.'" Mr. Hare continues:

"One day in the gallery, I asked him to give me some advice. He said, 'Watch me.' He then looked at the flounce in the dress of a maid of honour of the Queen of Sheba for five minutes, and then he painted one thread: he looked for another five minutes, and then he painted another thread. At the rate at which he was working he might hope to paint the whole dress in ten years; but it was a lesson as to examining what one drew well before drawing it."

It will be remembered that Coleridge gave expression to a similar thought when he said that the primary rule and condition for forming a good style is "not to attempt to express ourselves in language before we thoroughly know our own meaning."

The above extracts must serve to illustrate one of the entertaining features of these volumes. Besides these impressions of noted men and women, there are a score or more of short stories which Mr. Hare has collected from various sources and set down here for the amusement of his readers. They are interesting in themselves, and some of them would form capital plots for novels; but they detract slightly from the unity of the work. There is also an unusual profusion of woodcuts and photogravures, and these add not a little to the pleasure one gets from these books.

TULEY FRANCIS HUNTINGTON.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.*

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, in his "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," has told the story of the transformation of Prussia during the eight years from the shameful defeat at Jena in 1806 to the first abdication of Napoleon. The author's opportunity was a great one, for no period could be fuller of striking situations and contrasts or of interesting personalities, or show more clearly the workings of social and political forces. These he has developed in a striking way, although, by the limitations of his plan, somewhat superficially; but in his opportunity lay the danger that has almost undone him. These situations and these personalities have taken hold of him so strongly that he is not content to put them before his readers and let them speak for themselves, but he forestalls all exercise of his reader's judgment by the constant intrusion of his own, and especially by his ever-present adjectives. This may please the indolent reader who prefers ready-made opinions, but it is annoying to the thoughtful one. Another fault is the labored sprightliness that at last gets a little monotonous. This sometimes leads the author to use expressions that are somewhat flippant. The "dignity of history" has many sins to answer for, not the least of them a deadening dullness, but it would keep a writer from using such an expression as "a rickety old granny of a general," although that description fits the character. It is evident that Mr. Bigelow's history is intended for the general reader rather than the specialist, and as a popular work it is distinctly valuable. A hundred will read it where one would undertake Seeley's "Life and Times of Stein," and no one who is unfamiliar with this period can read it without gaining a vivid knowledge of some important aspects of the Napoleonic era, or without coming upon valuable truths that have their application to the Germany of our own day.

The story is cast almost in the form of a drama. The heroine is of course Queen Louise, beautiful, sweet, heroic. The prime villain is Napoleon, whose inherent cruelty, treachery, vulgarity, and selfishness are made to appear on nearly every page. The subordinate villain is the Czar Alexander, faithless and grasping. The principal hero is the sturdy Blücher—unless Stein be put beside him;

while Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, Jahn and Schill, and other patriots, play noble parts. As a contrast to these positive characters there is the amiable Prussian king whose virtues combined with his sentimental weakness were more ruinous to his country than all the plots and violence of his neighbors. The narrative moves rapidly and in a rather sketchy manner; there is little of detail except in relation to the queen, for whom the author feels an unbounded admiration that one cannot but share, although he tires at length of the adjectives of enthusiasm that accompany every appearance of the heroine.

The author's philosophical point of view is that of violent hatred of aristocratic militarism, and a whole-hearted belief in the patriotism and soundness of the plain people, even of the Prussian peasantry that was not till this time raised from serfdom by the genius and power of Stein. "No man is the worse for good blood and thorough education; but disaster is sure to overtake a state which holds that the great body of the people is insensible to patriotism, courage, and civic virtue. The years of servile torment which Germany endured at the hands of Napoleon after the battle of Jena should make this lesson precious to her, as to all free peoples." And the facts the author narrates not only support his opinion, but furnish an impressive warning to the Germany of to-day, where the same old spirit of aristocratic militarism seems to be again becoming dominant. But the end of the nineteenth century is not the beginning; and the disaster, if it is allowed to come, will not result in national subjugation and acquiescence, but in the overthrow of the haughty aristocracy, and in real popular government.

Never was there a more astonishing collapse of an apparently great power than that of Prussia in 1806. But a generation before, the little state had stood almost single-handed against the great powers of Europe; now all resistance stopped after one ignominious defeat by Napoleon's inferior army; fortified cities, well manned and furnished, were given up one after another at the demand of strolling bands of Frenchmen; neither king nor army made a single effort to stand against the conqueror. And now the selfish and heartless policy Prussia had pursued during the past few years brought down upon her every humiliation that even the malignant ingenuity of Napoleon could devise. One's blood boils at reading of it all, even though he cannot deny that every insult and

* HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY. By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated with Drawings by R. Caton Woodville, and with portraits and maps. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

suffering was fully deserved. But out of this humiliation and suffering arose a new Prussia, whose burning patriotism overthrew the calculations of Napoleon, and coöperated with the vices and weakness success had developed in his own character to bring about his downfall.

"The Prussian of 1812 was not the Prussian of 1806. Queen Louise had lived and died; the spirit of Pestalozzi had worked in the common school; the serf had become a citizen; the hireling soldier was now a volunteer; Stein and Hardenberg had awaked public confidence in the government; Scharnhorst had breathed the new spirit into the army; Jahn had taught his athletic clubs that patriotism was not a thing to be ashamed of; the boys of Prussia sang songs of German unity; the poets and preachers of Germany talked of liberty; and the boys who were twelve years old at Jena could shoulder a musket in the year of grace 1813."

This transformation is the subject of Mr. Bigelow's book; it does not come within his plan to tell how the long-suffering people, after their unspeakable sacrifices and sufferings, were deprived of a great part of their reward, while the old aristocracy again took control of the state that they had ruined. In his preface, however, he hints at a continuation of the work. We hope that he will feel encouraged by the reception of the present volumes to proceed without delay.

These volumes are put forth in excellent form, with twenty portraits and many interesting illustrations.

CHARLES H. COOPER.

TRAVELS IN MANY LANDS.*

The reader, and still more the reviewer, will hardly be conciliated by an author who opens his work with the tart remark that "those who are interested in me and my travels and observations will read them, and the others can leave them alone." This remark, from the preface to Mr. Haweis's volume of "Travel and Talk," savors more of the smartness of the street than of the amenities of the literary world. However, the author strikes thus

*TRAVEL AND TALK. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

LAZY TOURS IN SPAIN AND ELSEWHERE. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE LAND OF THE CASTANET. Spanish Sketches. By H. O. Chatfield-Taylor. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE. By August F. Jacoaci. Illus'd by Daniel Vierge. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

ON THE BROADS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IN THE VOLCANIC REEF. A Holiday Ramble. By Katharine S. and Gilbert S. Macquoid. Illustrated by Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A GIRL'S WANDERINGS IN HUNGARY. By H. Ellen Browning. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT. By Robert Howard Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

early the keynote of these volumes—to wit, a bump-tious *bourgeois* conceit that is really marvellous. As a fine specimen, we extract this:

"For the third time I enter New York Harbour. No one meets me—no reporters, no friends. I steal about the city for a few hours, almost fearing to meet some one who might persuade me to linger—but no. I am bound for Frisco; it is December 13, and on December 23 I am to occupy the pulpit of Trinity Church, San Francisco, the principal church in the city. My good Francisco friends, as soon as they knew I was coming West in search of health, opened, as I may say, their hearts, homes, and churches to me. More than one pulpit was at my disposal, but the Trinity Church Committee prevailed, and secured me for two months. I was to preach every Sunday night."

And, worst of all, Mr. Haweis is not unconscious of his egotism; for after one exhibition of it, he remarks: "But I feel the reader has a right to resent this egotistical digression; let him resent and pass on." It is hard to speak with patience of two volumes of experiences in America and Australasia, all recorded in this vein of pugnacious and caustic conceit; but it is certainly about the most nauseating farrago we have ever tasted. The travel is mere globe-trotting and the talk mere chit-chat, and over all is writ an immense I.

It is a great relief to turn from the rasping, staccato, egotistic manner of Mr. Haweis to the gentle, graceful, modest style of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton in her "Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere." In these impressions of journeyings in central and southern Europe, Mrs. Moulton has, to be sure, only commonplaces to relate; but, having the true literary touch, she beguiles us into reading with zest. One of the pleasantest sketches is the "Lazy Tour in Spain," from which we extract this anecdote about a little beggar boy whom she kindly instructed in the English language.

"With pennies I bribed him to say, 'I am a very bad little boy.' He said the words slowly and solemnly, as if they were an incantation, without the most distant idea of their meaning; and I heard him, weeks afterward, startling subsequent visitors to the Cathedral with this formula."

Mrs. Moulton shows a real imaginative power, when, upon revisiting Nuremberg, and looking up to the tall mediæval houses with their eye-shaped windows,

SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

TIMBUCTOO THE MYSTERIOUS. By Felix Dubois. Translated by Diana White. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

MADAGASCAR BEFORE THE CONQUEST. By Rev. James Sibree, F.R.G.S. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IN AND BEYOND THE HIMALAYAS. By S. J. Stone. Illustrated by Charles Whympere. New York: Edward Arnold.

A CYCLE OF CATHAY OR CHINA, SOUTH AND NORTH. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

TOWN AND BUSH. By Nat Gould. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

DRAGONS AND CHERRY-BLOSSOMS. By Mrs. Robert C. Morris. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN SOUTH SEAS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

she says: "The same eyes look furtively at me from the many-storied roofs; the old houses nod sagaciously at each other across the narrow streets."

Another book of sketches is Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's "The Land of the Castanet." It is largely a reprint of papers in "The Cosmopolitan," giving a light and agreeable account of the impressions of a tourist in Madrid, Seville, Granada, and Gibraltar, with some remarks on Spanish history, society, sport, the peasantry, and provincial towns. There is little that is new or of remarkable interest; but such chapters as those on "Provincial Towns" and "The Common People" contain some pleasant description. The style is quite fluent and correct, though we note occasional slips in English usage, as when the author speaks of Barcelona as having its "American prototype" in Chicago. The little volume is shapely, and has the attractive appearance which characterizes its publisher's books.

Another book on Spain, but of somewhat higher quality, is "On the Trail of Don Quixote," by Mr. A. F. Jaccaci. This work records, in a dainty and graphic style, the impressions of an itinerary through the province of La Mancha, "the most backward region in Spain," "arid, savage, Moorish." The Manchegans the author finds to be—

"Half Moors, who, like the natives of Southern Italy, are born for finessing. . . . After learning, what they already knew, that I was a stranger (a term which applies to anyone not a Manchegan), they dangled a variety of bait that should tempt me to disclose what manner of man I was and what I had come for. One imagines that if cats could, they would talk in just the way these people did—slowly, with the same imperturbable glare in their fixed, brilliant eyes."

The author visited Argamasilla, the Cave of Montesinos, El Toboso, and other spots made forever famous by the adventures of the knight of the rueful countenance, and he feels that—

"On his native soil Cervantes' book takes an added pungency. How much it is of the country, how true to life are the characters, description, and language, one needs to live here among the people to know. There is a great charm in stumbling at all instants on things it has made familiar to us. For example, not only do the inhabitants of certain villages of La Mancha dress to-day like Sancho Panza, but all Manchegans are mines of old sayings in which the wisdom of generations is crystallized into proverbs which, like him, they constantly use to sum up tersely a situation."

The author's graceful prose is fully supplemented by the delicate drawings of Vierge, so full of lights and air, and indeed, we notice that in views of interiors the open door is always emphasized.

"On the Broads," by Anna Bowman Dodd, is a sketch of a yachting trip along the manifold waterways of the Bure and Yare rivers, which, now narrowing, now broadening, run through the level stretch of land between Norwich and the sea known as "the Broads." Here in summer cruise yachts, wherries, barges, and yawls innumerable, freighted with English pleasure-seekers of both high and low

degrees. The story of a fortnight's trip is well told in a quietly humorous vein. An abundance of bright conversation, some mild adventure, and a bit of flirtation lure the reader to the very end. A main point of view is the æsthetic, and there are many pleasant word-pictures of placid English landscape and simple folk. Some of Mr. Pennell's drawings are poorly printed, and as a whole they are hardly up to his usual mark.

"In the Volcanic Eifel" is another book of European travel; but it has the advantage, unlike the sketchy book we have just noted, of treating only of a single and small section of country. In Rhenish Prussia, between the Rivers Rhine, Moselle, and Rohr, is a high plateau known as the Eifel, the southern part of which, being dotted with ancient lava-beds and lake-filled craters, is called the "Volcanic Eifel." Though this section has long been studied by the geologist, it has been but little frequented by the tourist. Yet travellers will find in this book a pleasant introduction to a quite unique region. The work contains maps, a table of distances, and numerous illustrations in the form of well-executed drawings.

Miss H. Ellen Browning opens her book, "A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary," with a personal confession which is a fair sample of the author's style, and which will doubtless attract some readers and repel others.

"To begin with, let me confess that I belong to the category of 'mouse-screeching' women; though I wear cloth knickers under my gown, and feel equally contemptuous towards an 'hysterical female' and a dowdy *bas bleu*. Their day is over. I love the sea and the mountains, and the frank 'naturalness' of the peasantry, but garlic and drunken men both disgust me. Swearing frightens me, particularly when there's anything 'bluggy' about it. It turns me instantly into a mass of shivering goose-flesh: perhaps it's the tone that does it quite as much as the words."

This book reminds one of "A Girl in the Carpathians," although not quite the equal for cleverness and vividness. But Miss Browning makes the most of her mild adventures in an entertaining way, and there is much pleasant description of wayside life in the mediæval recesses of Hungary.

With Robert Howard Russell's "The Edge of the Orient" we return to the rambling sketch type of travel books now so common. Mr. Russell trips lightly along Adriatic Austria, by maritime Turkey, with a side visit to Damascus, and ends with a rapid run through Egypt; and his main search everywhere is for the picturesque in costumes, architecture, and landscape, in which he is to some extent rewarded. Perhaps the best description in the book is of a view from Ragusa:

"On a bare, isolated rock, toward the north of Ragusa, towers the grim old fortress of San Lorenzo; and beyond, on a little point stretching into the sea, is the luxuriant garden of the Conte Pozza, with its bowers of roses and its wealth of tropical vegetation. Farther on, toward the northwest, a little group of rocky islands,

which turn to purple shadows in the sunset, lift their heads above the sea. Nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful view, and nowhere in the world is there a more perfect example of an old mediæval town, with ancient walls and great battlements, deep moats and strong towers, drawbridges and sally ports, from which, so visionary does it all seem, you half expect to see a goodly company of King Arthur's knights ride forth on the quest of the Holy Grail."

In parts of this work we find too much history of the guide-book order. There is nothing of adventure, unless we except the author's amusingly audacious call on the Mushir of Damascus. The book has no map, but contains numerous illustrations of interest.

Of still smaller calibre than the previous work is Mr. A. P. Terhune's "Syria from the Saddle." This is a rather careless and flippant account, in a gossiping journalistic style, of horseback excursions in various parts of Syria. However, the author's unconventional point of view lends a new aspect to some common experiences, and there are some entertaining stories. Of these, quite the best is the account of a visit to a Latin monastery, where Mr. Terhune conversed in French with the Superior.

"We were interrupted by an Italian brother, who leaned toward me with a wink, and said in English, 'Yes? Good morning! If you please! Damn!' I was surprised to hear this string of expressions in my own tongue, and still more so on hearing the pleasantly uttered curse. After looking about in pride at his own linguistic power, and noting the effect on the other brethren, the holy man relapsed into French, and said complacently, 'I have met Englishmen and Americans before, and, as you observe, I have learned a little of their language. What I just said is one of your forms of greeting, is it not?'"

Of the English penetration of the Sudan from the northeast we have of late heard much, and but very little of the French inroad from the northwest. M. Felix Dubois supplies this lack in his "Timbuctoo the Mysterious," which tells in sprightly Gallic fashion the story of a trip to the Queen City of the Sudan, and adds thereto a valuable historical account. Timbuctoo is a name surrounded by a glamour of barbaric magnificence, which for M. Dubois was rudely dispelled on finding it a mass of ruinous mud houses and straw huts, and its inhabitants clothed in rags. But he soon discovered that this dilapidation was an appearance only; within these ruins were riches and luxury. The inhabitants have for many years been so plagued by the pillaging nomads of the desert that "they transformed their garments and dwellings, and, ceasing to be Timbuctoo the Great, they became Timbuctoo the Mysterious." Timbuctoo is the *entrepôt* to Sudan.

"Placed as she is at the outlet of a labyrinth of tributaries, creeks, and channels, at the point where the Niger bends abruptly from the western to its eastern course, she offers an easy point of concentration to north and south. Here the Sudan can assemble her many different products, and satisfy all her clients of the north at the same time. Timbuctoo is like a port with

bonded docks situated on the coast of an opulent continent, with a sea of sand stretching before her upon which the fleets of the desert come and go."

M. Dubois's route was down the Niger, and he was greatly impressed by this wonderful river. As Egypt is the "gift of the Nile," so the French Sudan is the gift of the Niger.

"A most thorough and complete system of irrigation is formed to which man has not needed to put his hand; and fertility is spread over thousands of square miles. The rise and fall of the waters is as regular as those of the Nile, and an infinitely greater distance is covered. At Mopti, for example, you can calculate in September ninety miles from east to west inundated to a depth of eight or nine feet."

M. Dubois has much also to say of the strange city of Jenne on the Niger, which still retains the architecture of Ancient Egypt and many elements of that civilization. The book contains numerous useful maps and illustrations, and is fairly well translated.

"Madagascar before the Conquest," by the Rev. James Sibree, is practically an edition, brought down to the late French Conquest, of the author's very good work entitled "The Great African Island." Some footnotes revise to 1896. Though to some extent a general account, it yet has special reference to the capital city and its province, and to the Hova tribe. While the missionary point of view is evident, it is not over-emphasized, but much information of all kinds is summarized on the climate, zoölogy, botany, geography, customs, language, folk-lore, etc. While not technical nor very thorough, the treatment appears to be fairly accurate. The style is quite commonplace. While the book is evidently designed for information rather than entertainment, a chapter on "Odd and Curious Experiences of Madagasy Life" has some diverting passages — as, for instance, the description of a village church, built entirely on native plans, whose interior decoration had evidently been suggested by a stray ace of clubs.

Mr. S. J. Stone's "In and Beyond the Himalayas" is a sketch of various sporting trips after big game in the mountain fastnesses to the north of India. The author evidently delights not in butchery, but appears to be a true sportsman; and having a genuine interest in wild animals, he records some very good observations on their habits. We quote a description of ibex vigilance:

"The most wide-awake animal in creation is certainly the female ibex, and she seems to exercise her vigilance solely for the benefit of the ungrateful male, who is by no means so watchful; in fact, if he is old and lazy, he keeps no lookout at all after having comfortably laid himself up for the day. That duty falls to his mate, and admirably she performs it, uncomfortably perched on a jutting rock far above the rest of the flock, securely sleeping on some soft patch of level or gently sloping ground below, she lies keeping her tireless watch. The patient native or Kashmiri is used to her sentry duty, and after taking in the situation, he too falls asleep like the bearded males he is trying to circumvent; but the impatient Saxon fumes and swears

in the intervals of studying the little animal through his glasses. The case is perfectly hopeless; there is no nearer approach than a thousand yards, without instant detection—for several hours to come at any rate; and the language that contaminates the mountain air is truly awful."

Among the animals which fell before the author's rifle were wild goats, especially the long horns, wild sheep, bear, yak, and musk deer. The story of the chase is told in the blunt British style. The illustrations by Mr. Whymper are excellent.

In "A Cycle of Cathay" we find a book which is decidedly not of a sketchy order, but a careful and thorough-going account by a competent author, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, veteran missionary, linguist, and diplomatist. Dr. Martin has been for forty years in direct touch with the process which has opened China to the world, and his reminiscences have much historical value. His remarks on the future of China are worth considering. He says that "the Russians are as confident of one day possessing Peking as they are of getting Constantinople. 'I expect to live to be governor of Pechili' (the metropolitan province), said a young Russian in my hearing, at a legation dinner, or rather after dinner—in *vino veritas*." Dr. Martin regards opium-smoking as the great curse of China to-day, and this opinion has evidently been formed upon long and unbiased observation. Much of the volume is no less interesting than instructive, particularly the author's reminiscences of his early experiences as preacher and his capture by pirates. While this is by no means a monumental monograph, it is yet a distinct addition to the literature on China.

"Dragons and Cherry-Blossoms," by Mrs. Robert C. Morris, is a light and chatty book depicting Japanese life from a very feminine point of view, as in the descriptions of shopping, servants, meals, and costumes. While Mrs. Morris does not, in her very brief account, add distinctly to our knowledge of things Japanese, she yet gives her impressions in a fresh and natural style that is pleasing. There is much that is entertaining,—as, for instance, this description of a Japanese swell:

"I once saw an enthusiastic and progressive Jap walking stolidly through the streets with a small stiff hat perched on the back of his head, with his *kimono* turned up in the back, disclosing a pair of flannel underdrawers, white stockings, and laced American shoes, the whole gracefully consummated by a cane, which he swung jauntily as he marched along. The conscious pride that he took in this outfit was something delightful to see, and the serious and possibly envious glances showered upon him by his friends showed that he was a centre of admiration."

The volume is prettily illustrated and manufactured.

"Town and Bush," by Mr. Nat Gould, is a little book chiefly concerned with town life in Australia. The author is an English journalist, for many years a resident in Australia, and well known there as the author of several sporting novels. The style is far from refined, and the author sometimes seems to be

a follower of Mark Twain—at a long distance. However, the volume conveys a certain amount of information in a smart, dashing way, not uninteresting, though scarcely attaining the dignity of literature.

Who that has read Robert Louis Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" has not felt that here was a master of travel-writing? From the most meagre materials, Stevenson, by the magic of his style, created a charming book. And what more attractive subject could Stevenson have than the South Seas! We open the volume with eager expectations of delight, and we close it in disappointment. The peculiar beauty of Stevenson's style is almost lacking in this book. Here indeed, Stevenson is more sociologist than stylist; and, further, it would seem that the touch of mortal illness had numbed his powers. And yet, though we gain little artistic pleasure from the book, we find much of interest in the realistic descriptions of life in the South Seas, of a dying race and decaying customs, of funerals, festivals, and daily life; and the impression is far from pleasant. Stevenson's descriptions of nature are also of interest, and these few sentences from his impressions of the Fakarava atoll have a vivid and sombre power.

"I lay down to sleep, and awoke again with an unblunted sense of my surroundings. I was never weary of calling up the image of that narrow causeway, on which I had my dwelling, lying like a serpent tail to mouth, in the outrageous ocean, and I was never weary of passing—a mere quarter-deck parade—from one side to the other, from the shady, habitable shores of the lagoon to the blinding desert and uproarious breakers of the opposite beach. The sense of insecurity in such a thread of residence is more than fanciful. Hurricanes and tidal-waves over-leap the humble obstacles: Oceanus remembers his strength, and, where houses stood and palms flourished, shakes his white beard again over the barren coral."

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The Bachelor's own manners-book.

"The Complete Bachelor" (Appleton) is a treatise on "Manners for Men," by the author of the "As Seen by Him" papers, whoever he may be. The term "complete bachelor" embodies, in our view, a contradiction of terms, but we will not carp at so small a matter when dealing with a book that has occasioned us so much joy. So many knotty problems are solved for us, so much helpful counsel given, that gratitude must be the note of our criticism. Why, one does not get half-a-dozen pages into the volume before coming upon this salutary admonition: "A gentleman will never be seen in public with characters whom he could not introduce to his mother or his sister." Could anything be neater or more moral than that? "In a chest with four drawers, the bottom one should be used for under-

clothes, the top for handkerchiefs, hose, and ties, and the two intermediate for linen." It is very comforting to know this, and doubtless many a bachelor, hitherto incomplete, will rise up to bless the writer who has saved him from the solecism of putting his linen in the lower drawer. "The pivotal points of a man are his hat, boots, and tie." This is not quite the idea of the poet, who admits that

"Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,"

but poet and prosateur seemingly agree in the proviso:

"But man and nature scorn a shocking hat."

One bit of advice, "Remember, do not be a lingerer or a sitter," deserves immortality among the counsels of Polonius. How easily it would fit into the metre —

"Neither a lingerer nor a sitter be."

Here are two sterling sentences that are alone worth the price of the book: "There are no rules as to how a man should ask a woman to be his wife." "There is no code of etiquette established as yet for divorce." One is apt to exclaim in either case, "If there only were!" But the world moves, and the inquirer of the twentieth century will doubtless have a system of conduct formulated for his use upon these critical occasions. We must, however, pause to ask what these two pronouncements are doing in a book that professes to show the path for complete bachelorhood to take. Their purpose may be merely minatory, hinting at the dangers that always await him who departs from the ways that are properly hedged in by conventional codes. There is one dark paragraph devoted to the afternoon suit, the mystery of which we have been unable to fathom. Here it is: "The afternoon suit is more or less a luxury. Unless you frequent afternoon teas, or make many afternoon calls, or act as an usher at weddings in any city but New York, the frock coat is not, for the first three or four years of your career, an absolute necessity. In New York, however, where calls are only made in the afternoon, it must form a part of your wardrobe." We had a horrid suspicion while reading this book that the author might be "Ruth Ashmore" in disguise; but the last page sufficed to dispel it. Ruth would never have admitted that "under great provocation the expletive 'damn' is tolerated by society, but it should be whispered and not pronounced aloud." When we came to that passage, we closed the book with a sigh of satisfaction, for we knew that we had been communing with a man and a brother.

The autobiography of an idealist.

It is not an easy task to speak adequately of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Chapters from a Life" (Houghton); but, fortunately, it is not really necessary to do so. The chapters were read in a widely circulating periodical before they appeared in book form, so that the general reader is already pretty well aware of them. And even beyond the circle reached by "McClure's Magazine," in that larger circle of the admirers of "The Gates Ajar" and "A Singular

Life," there is little need of information concerning this autobiography, because it is exactly what one might readily have expected it to be. When one assures the public that admires Mrs. Ward that it will not be disappointed in her last book, enough has been said as far as mere information is concerned. If, however, it be thought the duty of a critical journal to render a judgment (and nowadays there seems to be some doubt on this matter), if one must really place the work for posterity, we have no such easy performance. To concentrate difficulty and achievement into one consummate moment, into one triumphant epigram, we might say that this book should have been named "Chapters from an Unwritten Life." Chapters we have, and interesting ones too, concerning Andover, Boston, Gloucester; concerning old companions on the Hill and later friends in the world of letters; concerning various experiences, struggles, triumphs; much about Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, a noted literary figure in her day, — but as to Life, in any real sense of the word, of herself or of anybody else, there is no more here than in any of Mrs. Ward's other books. Mrs. Ward is still, as she always has been, an idealist of the old school, the school of Ouida on the one hand and Ruskin on the other; an idealist of the kind that is sternly opposed to the realist with an impassable bar between, an idealist before the fact. All the literary surgings and seethings of the last twenty-five years, those cataclysms which have raised up continents unknown and submerged what was once solid ground, the slow development amid jarring chaos of Naturalism into what we suppose is called neo-Idealism, — all this has left Mrs. Ward as it found her, one who nursed lovely and noble dreams which rarely failed to reach the hearts of those unbuckled by the triple shield of a literary sense. From her first great success, the expression of her visions of fulfilled desire, to her last, in that melodrama of "the new theology," Mrs. Ward has written steadfastly by faith; her work is the substance of things she has hoped for, the assurance of things she has never seen. Of such a literary life, this autobiography is a faithful record; and therefore our triumphant epigram must be acknowledged wholly wrong, for nowhere could we get a truer idea of Mrs. Ward than here. The book has her weakness, and her strength too; it has no place in literature, but will find one in many hearts; it will doubtless be sniffed at by the critics, while the common people will read it gladly.

The initiation into "Culture."

The books that have done most in stimulating the literary instinct of the world, that have been preëminent guides to those who are careful as to self-cultivation, were written with slight idea of serving what turned out to be their *de facto* usefulness. Books written especially to superinduce culture are rarely so fortunate as these subjects of a happy diversion. Indeed, we suppose that many would believe that the best disposition of temperament must be always so

largely the result of environment, that self-cultivation alone can rarely attain even a respectable result. Without offering an opinion on this difficult matter, we mention it as being suggested by Mr. H. W. Mabie's "Essays on Books and Culture" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), for here we have a book written with the distinct purpose of being, we might almost say, a technical guide to a very difficult art, and yet having much of the fortunate air of those dispensers of involuntary education of whom we first spoke. We conceive this to be the chief and almost the sufficient thing for the reviewer to say of the book, more especially as half the essays have already appeared in one of the magazines. But although a collection of magazine articles is too often merely a gathering of what were better left where it fell, these magazine articles are vastly improved by becoming, as they really have become, a book. We were a little surprised to see how much the separate essays gained, in being put each into its place in the scheme and development of the author. As to the main point, then, the book is distinctly successful: we think it should do for many the service of initiation which it intends, nor will it be harmful to those no longer neophytes in the sacred hierarchy of culture. On some minor matters we disagree with Mr. Mabie heartily, and sometimes these minor matters grow in our mind to inordinate importance. For instance, there are times when we cannot think with equanimity of one who speaks of "the kind of reading which secures culture," or of "the culture element" in anything. Mr. Mabie's views on culture (poor word with hateful and complacent currency thrust upon it) are so sound and vital that we cannot form of him the impression we should form of some others who use such locutions. When we add that Mr. Mabie speaks of "production along spiritual and artistic lines," or of putting oneself "into heart-relations" with something or other, that he does not object to writing "gotten" or "in this connection," it will be seen that in discerning the really fine quality of his ideas we have penetrated far beyond the hulls and patches with which he now and then sees fit to guard himself from the style-hating populace, to whom his book offers a means of reforming from the error of their disposition.

*Scholarship
and Nature.*

Scholarship is still to-day, as it has always been, too much an affair of books. True, Bacon called attention to the fact that Nature had secrets also; but students have been apt to seek for those secrets in rather an indoor fashion. The student is too often a man of books alone. He used to sit in his pensive citadel amid dusty tomes and huge folios, while now he moves briskly about in vast libraries, consulting neat little dissertations and endless monographs—once books, now pamphlets; still, in the catalogue all may go as books. Ever has there been, however, a thin trickle of tradition and fancy about the thought of books and nature too. And this idea is the motive of Mr. John Buchan's "Scholar Gipsies" (Mac-

millan), a book named from the first of the sixteen essays which hold together through being "continuations and exemplifications of the conception of the art of life contained in the first essay and the title of the volume." Such a volume should be read with pleasure and profit by many; the gipsy element will be good for the scholar, the scholarly element may improve the gipsy. Probably the scholar will benefit most: in many of the essays the balance has gone as far to Nature as with many of us it goes in the other direction. There are a good many essays wherein the gipsy element flourishes alone, essays on country works and days by Tweedside. The highest praise to be given to such a book, Mr. Buchan's volume can hardly achieve; it gives us no new instinct wherewith to enjoy nature and no new sense of the possibilities of life. Charming atmosphere, charming description and meditation,—yet weigh it over against the severely practical (as a really fine book can be weighed) and it seems just a little light. That is to say, the book pleases, but we are much the same after reading it as before. Mr. Buchan is evidently impractical, as everyone should be; but he is not practical, too, as a great man of letters is. This fact he indicates in his essay on "Nature and the Art of Words." Here he had something definite to talk about; here the scholar should for the moment have kept the gipsy under, just so long at least as to allow him to say something by himself. But such was not the case, and we have a summer's-day meandering about the subject, for all the world as though 't were a hillside in Peeblesshire.

*The Literati of
New England.*

The old-fashioned phrase, "obliged the town," or here more properly "the public," may well be used of Mrs. Fields in speaking of her book "Authors and Friends" (Houghton). Mrs. Fields has a fund of recollection and experience such as can belong to few others, and since it largely concerns people of whom everyone is delighted to hear, her volume will be eagerly read by many. Such a book is not to be considered as criticism; we do not expect any revision of opinion concerning Emerson, Longfellow, Tennyson; what we expect, what is enough for us, is to share in a delightful personal intimacy with some distinguished men of letters. To tell the truth, people do not at present seem so eager to form opinions as to the value of this one or that; we want personal details, little memoranda of private life, literary gossip. But this last word, although none too harsh for current popular tendencies, is not to be rightly applied to the book in hand. Mrs. Fields herself calls attention to the value of minor matters concerning great lives "which, if omitted, would leave a gap in the picture. Therefore," she goes on, "we never tire of 'Whisperings,' and 'Talks' and 'Walks' and 'Letters' relating to the friends of our imagination, if not of our fireside; and in so far as such fragments bring men and women of achievement nearer to our daily life, with-

out degrading them, they warm and cheer us with something of their own beloved and human presence." We think, on the whole, that Mrs. Fields is right. One does gain a certain warmth of personal feeling from these recollections, letters, diaries, and all of the what-not-else of personal life. One gains a personal feeling, which, though it would tend to impertinence were it concerning current popularities, receives a certain dignity and recognition from the august figures of those who are its object. We need not comment upon the essays by themselves, for they are for the most part already known from their appearance in the magazines. Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, who were more the intimates of James T. Fields than of his wife, Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Thaxter, who stood rather nearer to her, and Tennyson and Lady Tennyson, are the subjects of the eight essays.

*An admirable
hand-book of
French literature.*

Professor Benjamin W. Wells has written a "Modern French Literature" as a companion volume to his "Modern German Literature" of a year or two ago (Roberts). The plan of the work comprises a rapid survey, in three introductory chapters, of French literature up to the nineteenth century, and a detailed study of that literature from Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand to such writers of our own day as M. Daudet, M. Brunetière, and Verlaine. In the chapters that make up the greater part of the book, "no mention is made of imitators or hack writers, however ephemerally popular, nor of any work that has not literary imagination and artistic form, in order that attention may be concentrated on those writers who stand for something, who mark progress or change." "In estimating their place and function," the author goes on to say, "I have used freely the critical apparatus cited in the footnotes, but I have never expressed a literary opinion that is not based on examination of the original work." Thus far Professor Wells has been left to speak for himself. For our part, we will first testify to the evident sincerity and conscientiousness with which his work has been done, and add that he shows himself to be possessed of the critical faculty in a high degree. The author's knowledge of his subject is wide and accurate, his instinct for good literary workmanship is sound, and his judgments are deserving of respect. Moreover, the material thus brought together from many different sources is of just the sort that a student of modern literature wants, and often finds it difficult to get at. We have little to say of the book in the way of adverse criticism. We are inclined to suggest that the author does not seem quite fair to Hugo; there are no doubt spots enough on that sun, but recent criticism has made too much of them, and Professor Wells has taken the reaction against Hugo a little too seriously. But upon this subject, as upon others, the judgments of the author are delivered without dogmatism, and are so well-reasoned, so fortified by citation of chapter and verse, that they always command respect, if they do not always

compel entire acquiescence. The work is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of sane criticism of the academic type.

*Appreciation
of Art.*

The object of Miss Florence P. Holden's "Audiences" (McClurg) is to help people in general to form their artistic tastes to the point of appreciating good work. The word "audiences" is an attempt to fill a gap in our language. We have borrowed such words as *connoisseur*, *amateur*, *dilletante*, to indicate a person especially interested in one or another art. But that was in an aristocratic period; art is now for the millions; we need a word more widely applicable. Mr. Marshall, in his "Æsthetic Principles," used the word "observer," and this word seems to us rather better than "audience," for of the five commonly reckoned fine arts, three are always apprehended by the eye, while only one is usually apprehended by the ear; literature may stand aside, now that bards no longer recite their own works. But neither word is quite the thing, and the problem still remains for the ingenuity of the æsthetician. When, however, the author adds the sub-title, "A few suggestions to those who look and listen," the right point is touched, for the phrase is exactly descriptive of the book. There is, of course, a place for a book which shall put the fine arts in their right relation to the world that might enjoy them: the new-born kitten-like tumblings of too many of our art clubs and literary clubs are proof enough of that. But we rather fear that the present volume will not fill the want: the author does not appear to have an accurate estimate of the needs of those for whom she is writing; we cannot comfortably imagine the result it may have on the average American who reads it, thinking that she will thereby become more appreciative. We do not regard Miss Holden as especially well-informed upon the subject she treats,—although this is a minor matter, for many people who do not know very much about painting, for example, could tell us a good deal that would help us to enjoy pictures. Some suggestive remarks the book has, and several excellent illustrations, besides being pleasantly printed and bound.

*The principles
of English
jurisprudence.*

"A First Book of Jurisprudence for Students of the Common Law" (Macmillan), by Sir Frederick Pollock, "is addressed to readers who have laid the foundations of a liberal education and are beginning the special study of law." For such readers the book must have great value; but we are inclined to add that it will be found to have equal value to readers who are sufficiently intelligent to appreciate its masterly analysis of the common law, but who have no intention of adopting the legal profession. Certainly a knowledge of political science in the widest sense of that term is a necessary part of any education that deserves to be called liberal, and equally certainly the knowledge of political institu-

tutions and of economics which most well-educated persons possess ought to be rounded out by an elementary acquaintance with the principles of English jurisprudence. That it is not as a rule so rounded out, is due to the fact that the books have been lacking; and so we welcome Sir Frederick Pollock's treatise as supplying a real want. The book has two sections, one upon "Some General Legal Notions," the other upon "Legal Authorities and Their Use." In the former section we have discussions of such matters as "the nature and meaning of law," "things, events, and acts," and "justice according to law." In the second we find chapters on such subjects as "custom in English law," "law reports," and "ancient and modern statutes." The extraordinary ability of the work, its fine literary style, and its philosophical temper, commend it to the judicious, and would justify almost any measure of praise.

BRIEFER MENTION.

To the steadily lengthening list of the "Story of the Nations" series (Putnam) is now added a volume on Bohemia, by Mr. C. E. Maurice, whose historical work is already favorably known. Though necessarily compressed, this book is for all general purposes an adequate history of this interesting but now submerged nation, from its beginnings in the mists of tradition to its absorption by its powerful neighbor. There is also a brief sketch of later events. The book is evidently the result of careful and conscientious effort, and sets forth clearly the character of the people, and the working of the forces of race and religion and nationality in their history.

"Hunting" and "Angling" are the titles of two inviting volumes in Scribner's "Out of Door Library." Each book contains seven papers by as many competent hands, and is embellished with the original drawings which accompanied the text on its appearance serially in "Scribner's Magazine." The sketches are, with two exceptions, descriptive of sport on this continent as experienced by the several writers—the exceptions being an account of a kangaroo hunt in Australia, and a good paper on Izaak Walton by Mr. Alexander Cargill.

In bringing together the chronicle plays of Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists, Mr. Thomas Donavan has had an excellent idea, but has spoiled it by seeking to rearrange the plays "for acting, as well as for reading." No stage is likely to produce Peele's "Edward I." or Heywood's "Edward IV.," and the reader does not want his Elizabethan drama rearranged. Mr. Donavan's work is in two volumes, is called "English Historical Plays," and includes the two above named, the ten of Shakespeare, Marlowe's "Edward II.," and Ford's "Perkin Warbeck."

A volume containing the "Sonnets," with a reproduction of Mr. G. F. Watts's glorious "Love Triumphant" for a frontispiece, brings to completion the "Temple" Shakespeare. The entire set may now be had boxed, in two styles, at twenty and thirty dollars, respectively. This edition, which so happily meets the wants of both student and reader, should find its way into many libraries, not so much to replace as to supplement the more portly and dignified tomes with which we are wont to

associate the name of our greatest poet. The Macmillan Co. publish the edition in this country.

"The Poetry of Sport" is an anthology edited by Mr. Hedley Peek for the "Badminton Library" (Little, Brown, & Co.). In an introductory essay Mr. Peek discusses the question, "Is sport a fitting subject for the poet?" and seeks to show that it is. But his best argument is to be found in the four hundred pages of selections that follow, and that draw upon the works of nearly all the greater English poets, besides making us acquainted with many names of lesser note. The poems are classified under such heads as "Hunting," "Fishing," and "Shooting."

After ten years of delay, Professor W. J. Beal has completed his important work on the "Grasses of North America" (Holt), and prepared the second volume for publication. This volume is in a way complete in itself, as it contains the entire descriptive section of the work. The author has described all the United States species that he has been able to obtain, as well as the Mexican *Gramineæ* collected by Messrs. Pringle and Palmer. Illustrations are sparingly introduced, and represent characteristic parts rather than entire plants. The work is one of enormous industry, and is highly creditable to American botanical scholarship.

The abridged edition of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth" (Macmillan) gives us, in a single volume of over five hundred pages, those portions of the original work which are particularly fitted for use in high schools and colleges. While the work was not prepared as a text-book, it is in its present form probably the best book in existence for educational purposes, and the right sort of teacher could do wonders with its aid. The wrong sort of teacher, on the other hand, would be quite likely to make a mess of it.

"Parakites by Gilbert Totten Woglom." This is not a quotation from "Alice in Wonderland," but the name of a real book by a real man. Parakites seem to be glorified kites, without tails, that will outsoar the wildest dreams of youth. Mr. Woglom's book, which is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, tells how to make these wonderful devices, and records a great variety of interesting experiments with them. The value of the invention for photographic and meteorological purposes is obvious, and parakite flying may be made to combine amusement with serious pursuits in a quite delightful fashion.

Since its first appearance fifteen years ago, Professor H. N. Martin's treatise on "The Human Body," published in the "advance course" of the "American Science" series (Holt), has been almost everywhere in this country accepted as the standard college text-book in human anatomy and physiology. It is a work of which American scholarship has reason to be proud, and deserves the numerous editions through which it has passed. The edition now issued is the seventh, and presents a thorough revision of the earlier ones, together with much new matter.

The first part of the "List of Private Libraries," compiled by Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig, is nearly ready for publication. It will include more than five hundred private collections owned in the United States and Canada, the indications having been furnished, for the most part, by the owners. The second part will deal similarly with the private libraries of Great Britain. Possessors of libraries with whom Mr. Hedeler has failed to communicate are requested to furnish him with the

chief facts about their collections for use in future editions of the work. The descriptions are printed in three languages.

Dr. P. M. Wise is the author of "A Text-Book for Training Schools for Nurses" (Putnam), a useful work in two volumes. The book is thoroughly practical in method, and is to be used for the preparation of recitations of the regular school sort, providing the material for a two years' course of study. The book may also be recommended as a manual for household use. It tells what to do in a great many emergencies, and is well supplied with practical advice for the treatment of the sick.

LITERARY NOTES.

A seventh edition of Mr. William L. Jordan's work on "The Standard of Value" has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

"Jane Eyre," with illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend, is the latest addition to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons' handsome and serviceable "Illustrated English Library."

The total sale in this country of Mr. Marion Crawford's novels has been over half a million copies. "Sarcinesca" leads, with over a hundred and ten thousand to its credit.

Mr. James MacAlister, President of the Drexel Institute, is to give a course of six lectures in Philadelphia next March upon the general subject of "The History of Books and Libraries."

"The Outlook" now comes to us in standard magazine form, and we think the change will be very generally appreciated. The first issue of each month will be a "magazine number," with illustrations and special articles.

"Sartor Resartus" ushers in the new "Centenary" edition of Carlyle, to be completed in thirty volumes. This edition, which is an attractive and substantial one for library purposes, is imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are the publishers of "A History of Rome to the Death of Caesar," the work of two English scholars, Messrs. W. W. How and H. D. Leigh. The volume extends to nearly six hundred pages, is closely but handsomely printed, and judiciously illustrated.

"The Chap-Book" for January 15, although midway in a volume, comes to us with the enlarged page that has for some time past been announced. The contents are about what they have been before, although somewhat more space is given than formerly to reviews of new publications. The department of "Notes" is particularly readable.

The Oxford University Press now has a journal of its own, a modest little sheet called "The Periodical," to be issued "from time to time as occasion demands." The initial number contains notes upon the various publications of the Press, and an account of the famous Oxford India paper.

The danger of attributing poems to the wrong authors, which besets the makers of poetic anthologies, has not been escaped by Miss Jennie Thornley Clarke, who in a lately published collection of "Songs of the South" attributes the familiar "Isle of Long Ago" to Philo Henderson, a North Carolina poet who died in

1852. It is of course pretty generally known that this poem was written by the late Benjamin F. Taylor; and it appears in the standard editions of his works published by Messrs. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

The attractive and popular "Warne's Library of Natural History," that has been coming to us in sections for the past year or two, is now completed by the publication of Parts 35 and 36. The work may now be had in bound volumes—six or twelve as the purchaser may choose. It is an admirable work for home reading and purposes of general reference.

"Posters in Miniature" (R. H. Russell & Son) is the title of an interesting collection of small black-and-white reproductions of many of the best-known examples of American and foreign poster-art, with portraits of some of the most successful designers. A brief Introduction by Mr. Edward Penfield and a still briefer "Foreword" by Mr. Percival Pollard comprise the only text contained in the volume.

An announcement of interest to all lovers of rural life is that of an "Encyclopedia of American Horticulture," consisting of signed articles by specialists, covering every branch of the subject in its widest sense—pomology, floriculture, vegetable gardening, greenhouse matters, ornamental gardening, the botany of cultivated plants, and the like. The work will be under the editorial charge of Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University; it will be issued in three large volumes, profusely illustrated, and will not be completed before 1900.

At the Winter Convocation of the University of Chicago, President Harper announced that negotiations were pending for a transfer of the School of Applied Ethics, which has hitherto held its sessions at Plymouth, to Chicago. It is hoped that the School may become an organic part of the summer work at the University. In this connection we may say a word in praise of the unusually interesting January number of the "International Journal of Ethics." It contains three particularly valuable contributions: "The Ethics of Religious Conformity," by the Rev. Hastings Rashdall; "The Ethical and Political Problems of New Japan," by Mr. Tokiyo Yokoi; and "The Responsibilities of the Lawyer," by Mr. Joseph B. Warner.

We learn from the London "Athenaeum" that the discovery of another lost classic is announced. A papyrus manuscript has recently been acquired by the British Museum, the contents of which have been found from internal evidence to be the poems of Bacchylides, the contemporary and rival of Pindar, which have hitherto been known only in fragments. The new manuscript is not complete and is grievously mutilated in places; but several odes are preserved intact, and others may, perhaps, become so when all the fragments have been investigated and arranged. In any case, enough is preserved to enable readers to form an estimate of the style and genius of a poet whom the ancient world ranked near, if not on a level with, Pindar. The poems, like all the extant compositions of Pindar, are epinikian odes, and victories in all the principal games—Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean—are commemorated in them. Upwards of thirty columns are contained in the MS., which is well written on good papyrus, and appears to be of the first century B. C. The text will be published by the Trustees of the British Museum with as little delay as possible.

The death of General Francis A. Walker, on the fifth of this month, deprives economic science of its most brilliant

and forceful American representative. General Walker's economic attitude was in most matters thoroughly sane, and in accordance with the best conservative tradition, a fact which brought into undue prominence the divergence of his views upon two or three controverted subjects from those of the majority of his fellow-economists. In spite of what many writers would call its heresies in the treatment of the wage-fund, bimetalism, and the problem of distribution, General Walker's "Political Economy" is the best treatise that we have for advanced students of the subject, and fully deserves its great popularity. In its two abridgments, also, the work supplies better than any other in the field the needs of American students who are beginners. Among the author's other books, the little volume called "Land and Its Rent" deserves particular mention for its merciless analysis of the theories of Mr. Henry George and the unexampled lucidity of its exposition and defence of the Ricardian principle. General Walker was born in 1840, was graduated from Amherst in 1860, went into the army when the war broke out, was wounded at Chancellorsville, and was confined in Libby Prison. After the war was over, and he had restored his shattered health, he at first taught, and then occupied several government posts, becoming successively a chief of bureau in the Treasury, Superintendent of the ninth census, and Commissioner of Indian affairs. In 1873, he accepted a chair at Yale, in 1880 he presided over the tenth census, and in 1881 became President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a man who made his influence felt in whatever field he might be working, a man of strong and engaging personality, and a brilliant example of the American scholar and gentleman. His death is a severe blow to economic science and to technical education alike.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1897 (Second List).

American Origins, Dr. Eggleston on. W. P. Trent. *Forum*.
 Antarctic Regions, The. Angelo Heilprin. *Popular Science*.
 Architects and Architecture, New Books on. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Bryan as a Conjuror. Andrew Carnegie. *North American*.
 Campaign Audiences. Lloyd Bryce. *North American*.
 Carrier Pigeon, Evolution of the. M. G. Renaud. *Pop. Sci.*
 Civilization and Decay, Law of. Theodore Roosevelt. *Forum*.
 Color, Popular Aesthetics of. Joseph Jastrow. *Pop. Science*.
 Consumption and Consumptives. Wm. L. Russell. *Pop. Sci.*
 Debating, Intercollegiate. R. C. Ringwalt. *Forum*.
 Disinfection at Quarantine. M. E. Ward. *Popular Science*.
 Drama of To-Day, The. Beerbohm Tree. *North American*.
 Education, Elementary, Essentials in. J. M. Rice. *Forum*.
 Genius in Children. Andrew Lang. *North American*.
 Genius, Psychology of. William Hirsch. *Popular Science*.
 German Press and the U. S. Poultney Bigelow. *No. American*.
 German Struggle for Liberty. C. H. Cooper. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Hare's Autobiography. T. F. Huntington. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Ibsen's New Drama. Wm. Morton Payne. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Irish Government, Difficulties of. T. W. Russell. *No. Amer.*
 Leo XIII. Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé. *Forum*.
 Meliorism, Philosophy of. Junius H. Browne. *Forum*.
 National University, Need of a. D. S. Jordan. *Forum*.
 Petroleum, Asphalt, and Bitumen. M. A. Jaccard. *Pop. Sci.*
 Printed Books, First Two Centuries of. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Race Psychology. Anna T. Smith. *Popular Science*.
 Spencer's Final Volume. C. R. Henderson. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Spiders. Margaret W. Leighton. *Popular Science*.
 Strikes as Factors in Progress. M. E. J. Kelley. *No. Amer.*
 Tariff, Middle Ground on the. O. D. Ashley. *Forum*.
 Travels, Recent Books of. H. M. Stanley. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
 Votes, Meaning of the. H. C. Lodge. *North American*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 48 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Forty-One Years in India: From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C. In two vols., illus., 8vo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$12.
 Life and Letters of William Barton Rogers. Edited by his Wife, with the assistance of William T. Sedgwick. In two vols., illus., 12mo, gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.
 A Memoir of Hugo Daniel Harper, D.D., Late Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. By L. V. Lester, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 232. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.

HISTORY.

A History of the Administration of the Royal Navy and of Merchant Shipping in Relation to the Navy. By M. Oppenheim. Vol. I., MDIX-MDCLX; illus. in colors, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 411. John Lane. \$6.
 Dr. Jameson's Raiders vs. the Johannesburg Reformers. By Richard Harding Davis. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 56. New York: Robert Howard Russell. Paper, 50 cts.
 History of the Tobacco Industry in Virginia from 1800 to 1894. By B. W. Arnold, Jr., Ph.D. 8vo, uncut, pp. 86. "Johns Hopkins University Studies." Paper, 50 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Addresses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy. By the late Lord Leighton. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 310. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.50.
 Addresses and Fragments in Prose and Verse. By James Sager Norton; with Introduction by Edward G. Mason. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 247. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$3.50 net.
 The Bibelot: A Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers. Vol. II.; 16mo, uncut, pp. 394. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. Boxed, \$1.50 net.
 A Christmas Masque of Saint Roch, Père Dagobert, and Throwing the Wanga. By M. E. M. Davis. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 58. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.

POETRY.

Margins: Collected Poems. By Francis Brooks. 12mo, uncut, pp. 80. Chicago: Seale & Gorton. 75 cts.

FICTION.

The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 303. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
 The Princess Désirée. By Clementina Black. Illus., 12mo, pp. 204. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.
 Uncanny Tales. By Mrs. Molesworth. 12mo, pp. 228. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.
 The Rosy Cross, and Other Psychological Tales. By Mina Sandeman. 12mo, uncut, pp. 264. Westminster, England: The Roxburghe Press.
 An Arkansas Planter. By Opie Read. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 315. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.25.
 On the Red Staircase. By M. Inlay Taylor. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 332. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Crags and Craters: Rambles in the Island of Réunion. By William Dudley Oliver, M.A. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 213. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Story of Architecture: An Outline of the Styles in all Countries. By Charles Thompson Mathews, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 468. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC STUDIES.

Socialism and Catholicism. From the Italian of Count Edward Soderini by Richard Jenery-Shoe; with Preface by Cardinal Vaughan. 12mo, uncut, pp. 343. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.
 The Standard of Value. By William Leighton Jordan. Seventh edition; 12mo, uncut, pp. 187. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Ambassador of Christ. By James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. 12mo, pp. 404. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. \$1. net.

The Church and Modern Society: Lectures and Addresses. By Most Reverend John Ireland. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 413. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems. By T. J. J. See, A.M. Vol. I., On the Universality of the Law of Gravitation and on the Orbits and General Characteristics of Binary Stars; illus., 4to, pp. 253. Lynn, Mass.: The Nichols Press.

The Royal Natural History. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B.A. Parts 35 and 36; each illus., large 8vo, uncut. F. Warne & Co. Per part, paper, 50 cts.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Selections from Steeles. Edited by George Rice Carpenter. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 203. "Athenaeum Press Series." Ginn & Co. \$1.

Tennyson's The Princess. Edited by Andrew J. George, M.A. With frontispiece, 16mo, pp. 217. D. C. Heath & Co. 90 cts.

First Italian Readings. Selected and edited by Benjamin Lester Bowen, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 163. "Modern Language Series." D. C. Heath & Co. 90 cts.

The English Language and its Grammar. By Irene M. Mead. 12mo, pp. 265. Silver, Burdett & Co. 75 cts.

Students' Series of English Classics. New vols.: Shakespeare's As You Like It, edited by Katharine Lee Bates, pp. 234, 35 cts.; and, Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, edited by Mabel Caldwell Willard, pp. 114, 25 cts. Each 16mo. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

An English Paraphrase on Horace's Art of Poetry. By Abby Osborne Russell; with Introduction by Secondo Marchisio, M.A. 12mo, pp. 76. Wm. R. Jenkins. 60 cts.

Racine's Iphigénie. Edited by Benjamin Duryea Woodward, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 193. American Book Co. 60 cts.

La Lampe de Psyché. Par Léon de Tinséau. 16mo, pp. 132. Wm. R. Jenkins. Paper, 35 cts.

Immensities. Von Theodor Storm; edited by F. A. Dauer. 12mo, pp. 85. American Book Co. 25 cts.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 90. "Eclectic English Classics." American Book Co. 20 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cook Book by "Oscar" of the Waldorf. With portrait, large 8vo, pp. 907. The Werner Co. Boxed, \$5. (Sold only by subscription.)

The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book. By Fannie Merritt Farmer. Illus., 12mo, pp. 567. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2.

Eating and Drinking: The Alkalinity of the Blood, the Test of Food and Drink in Health and Disease. By Albert Harris Hoy, M.D. 12mo, pp. 304. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

English Society. Sketched by George Du Maurier; with Introduction by W. D. Howells. Large oblong 8vo. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

The Complete Bachelor: Manners for Men. By the author of the "As Seen by Him" papers. 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 211. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

The Square of Sevens: An Authoritative System of Cartomancy. With Prefatory Notice by E. Irenaeus Stevenson. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 72. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

How to Listen to Music: Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. 12mo, pp. 361. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Why We Punctuate; or, Reason vs. Rule in the Use of Marks. By a Journalist. 12mo, pp. 160. St. Paul: The Lancet Pub'g Co. \$1.

Life's Gateways; or, How to Win Real Success. By Emily S. Bouton. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 187. Arena Pub'g Co.

The Story of the Masterpieces. By Charles M. Stuart. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 103. Curtis & Jennings. Boxed, \$1.50.

Karma: A Story of Early Buddhism. By Paul Carus. Second Japanese Art edition; illus. in colors, 12mo. Chicago: Open Court Pub'g Co. 75 cts.

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